SPECIAL SUMMER "CAMP" ISSUE

No. 105 Sept. '66

MAD

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I'd like people to consider me as something more than "just another pretty face"!
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NUMBER 105 SEPTEMBER 1966

MAD

"When money talks, nobody criticizes its accent!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.

THE THREE FACES OF MAD

I've never laughed so hard or so much as I did when I read my copy of MAD #103. It is by far the best MAD you've ever produced. Please keep up the good work.

Robin Edinger
Brooklyn, New York

The odor in my room is almost too much for me to bear right now. It all started when I brought my new issue of MAD (#103) into the house. The entire magazine was a waste of time. I get more laughs out of my daily newspaper!

Carol Brauch
Seward, Nebraska

MAD #103 was . . . eh!

Joel Green
Chicago, Ill.

HONEY WASTE

Well, you've done it again! How you pack of morons can consistently come up with marvelous spoofs such as "Honey Waste" is beyond me. This one showed both the best and the worst America has to offer in the field of entertainment. Mainly, the best humorous review of the worst show on TV.

Harvey Krezatz
Buffalo, New York

Your satire on "Honey West" was an "Utter Waste"!

George Bushnell
Santa Ana, California

I just read your MAD satire, "Honey Waste" and I was thoroughly disgusted. "Honey West" is a brilliant detective story and you turned into a sickening flop. This time, MAD goofed!

Shirley Davidson
Irwin, Pennsylvania

We'll send you the hospital bills! We split our sides laughing!

Skip Fickling
Creator of "Honey West"
Laguna Beach, California

I really enjoyed your satire of "Honey West"! Now—how about doing a take-off on "Batman"?

Kevin McCormick
Lakewood, California

No sooner said than done, Kevin. See page 7 of this issue.—Ed.

A REAL "MAD" GAL

Here at the Diller Estate, our canine ("Fang, The Elder") is known as a real "MAD Dog". Every time our subscription copy arrives, he tosses the mailman for it. Best regards to Alfred E. Neuman . . . from one cartoon to another!

Phyllis Diller
Hollywood, Calif.

FATHERS ARE TWO-TIME LOSERS

In reference to your article, "Fathers Are Two-Time Losers" in MAD #103, I would just like to point out that Ralph Kipness is a THREE-time loser . . . mainly because there were no 1971 New Orleans silver dollars minted!

Bob Walsh
San Jose, California

THE AGONY AND THE AGONY

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your treatment of "The Agony and The Ecstasy" in MAD #103, having suffered through the pains of the movie. Your parody version of it was priceless.

Mary G. Waldo
Berkeley, California

Saturday, I saw "The Agony and The Ecstacy" and really enjoyed the Sculpture Review in the beginning and the "When will you make an end" routine. Tuesday, I read MAD's "The Agony and The Agony" and really enjoyed the laughter throughout. Please, don't ever "make an end" to the delight you produce.

Patricia Smith
Dillon, Montana

MIXED-UP MAD

Just a line to tell you how much I love you for continuing to question the shallow and the unfair aspects of our society with a sound mixture of liberal, conservative and middle-of-the-road values wrapped in the fine intellectual tradition of satire.

Elinor Harvin
Detroit, Michigan

THE HYPOCRITE PRIMER

I would like to congratulate you on coming up with such a brilliant article as "The MAD Hypocrite Primer" (#103). I am writing this letter for the sole purpose of commending you for exposing the many hypocritical aspects of modern life. It is heartwarming to see that MAD has become the voice of truth, honor and liberty—leading the people on through the darkness into the light of freedom. Er—by the way, how much do you pay for a printed letter?

Barry Stevens
Winnipeg, Ont. Can.

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

I must compliment Paul Coker Jr. and Phil Hahn for their wonderful "Horrifying Clichés" in the June issue of MAD (#103). The "MAD Beastlies" were very funny, but these make me roll over laughing. Even my father, who needs a really funny joke to laugh heartily, was roaring MADly.

Andy Gallagher
Beaconsfield, Quebec, Can.

Paul Coker and Phil Hahn have created the funniest addition to MAD in years. "MAD Beastlies" were great, but "Horrifying Clichés" is too much!

John Comerford
Lansing, Michigan

HOW DO WE DO IT?

Congratulations on sustaining the most profound mockery of "Madison Avenue" ever! That is, profitably(?) selling a 30¢ magazine without depending on advertising income. How you can exist while passing up the tons of money other magazines haul in from carrying ads is beyond me. You must have a tremendous source of outside capital.

Steve Mackin
Flint, Michigan

Yes, we all "Moonlight" as Garbagemen. —Ed.

NO "JUNK MAIL" LIST

I want to thank you for keeping your list of subscribers the personal property of your publication. My son is a teenager, and really enjoys his subscription to your magazine. Up until the present time, he has received no "junk mail" from any other source. I mention this because my oldest boy once ordered an item from the cover of another magazine, and hardly a day goes by that we do not get mail from every mail order house in the country trying to sell us everything from Auto Insurance to racy movies. When Chris ordered MAD, I was a bit apprehensive, but you have been honorable people and I must compliment you for this.

Mrs. Joseph P. Lane
Pittsburgh, Penna.

You are correct in observing that the list of MAD Subscribers is jealously guarded and that we refuse to sell it to anyone.—Ed.

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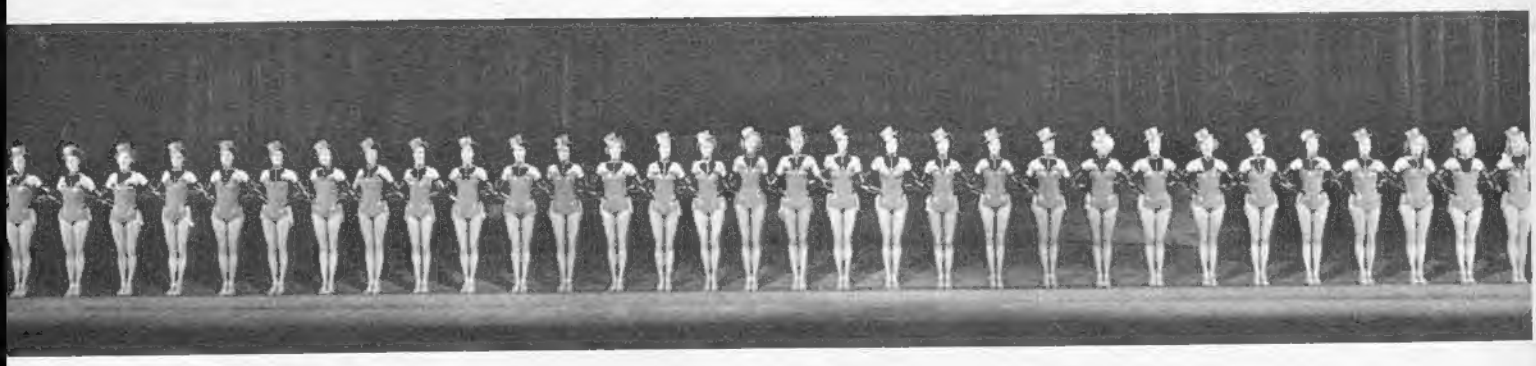
THE LAST 100 DAYS

were the worst yet for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid! Only four people ordered them at 25¢ each (or 3 for 50¢)! Looks like they're no "best-seller"! So if you'd like to help us win the war on poverty, mail money to: MAD, 850 Third Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10022

DOUBLE-EXPOSURE DEPT.

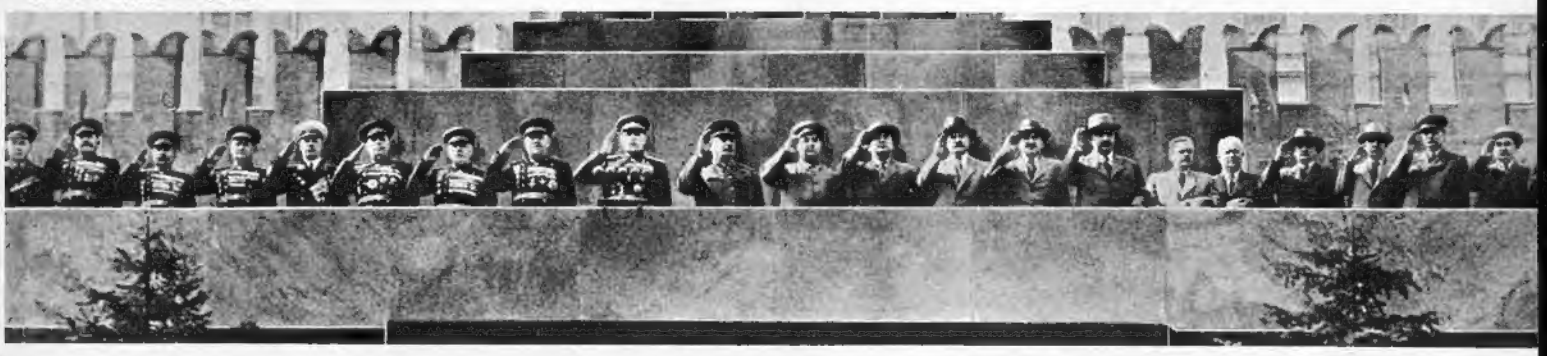
A PORTFOLIO OF MAD WEST IS WEST!

WRITER: MAX BRANDEL



PHOTOS THAT PROVE EAST IS EAST!

PHOTOS BY: U.P.I. & WORLD WIDE



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John Ward

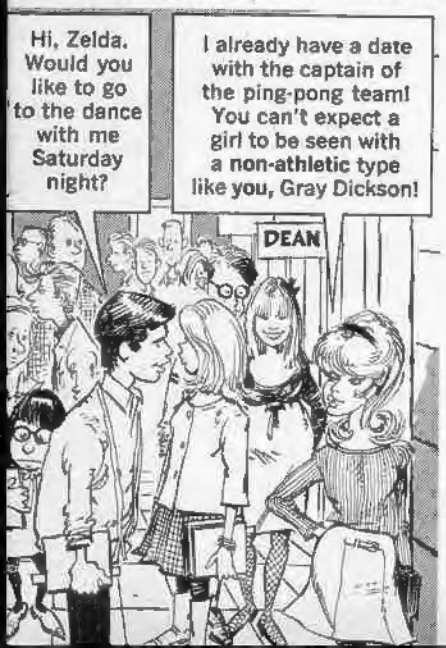
AIDE-DE-"CAMP" DEPT.

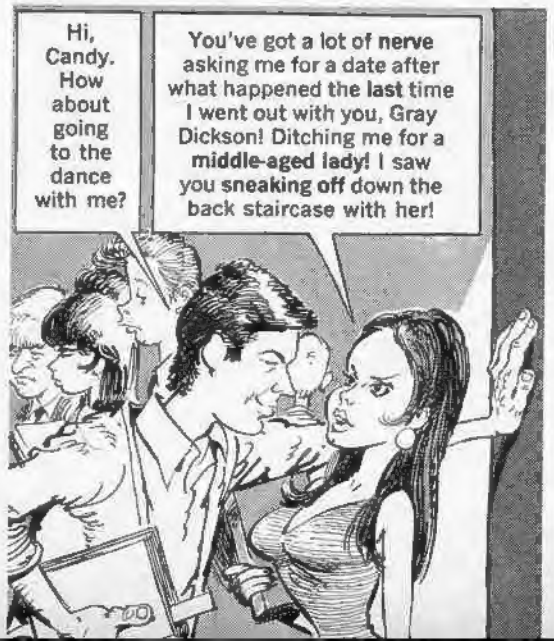
Everybody's going wild over that new TV show featuring "The Caped Crusader" and his teenage side-kick. But has anyone ever wondered what it would really be like as the side-kick of a "Caped Crusader"? Would a typical red-blooded teenage boy really be happy dressing in some far-out costume and spending all of his free time chasing crooks? Or would he much prefer dressing in chinos and go-go boots and spending all of his free time chasing chicks? We at MAD think the latter! In fact, we're ready to prove it! Let's take a MAD look at "Boy Wonderful" as he is slowly being driven

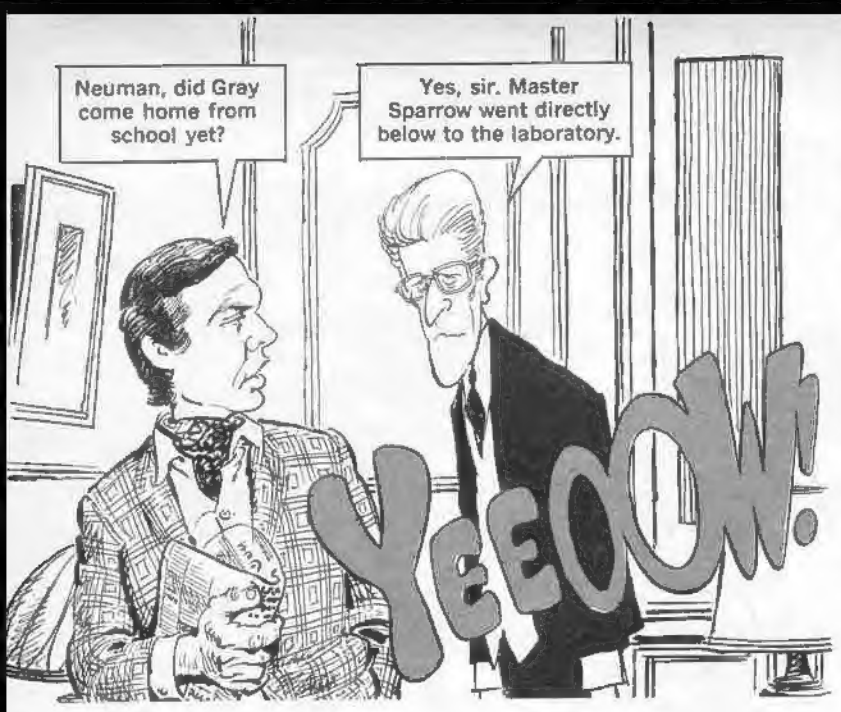
BATS-MAN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

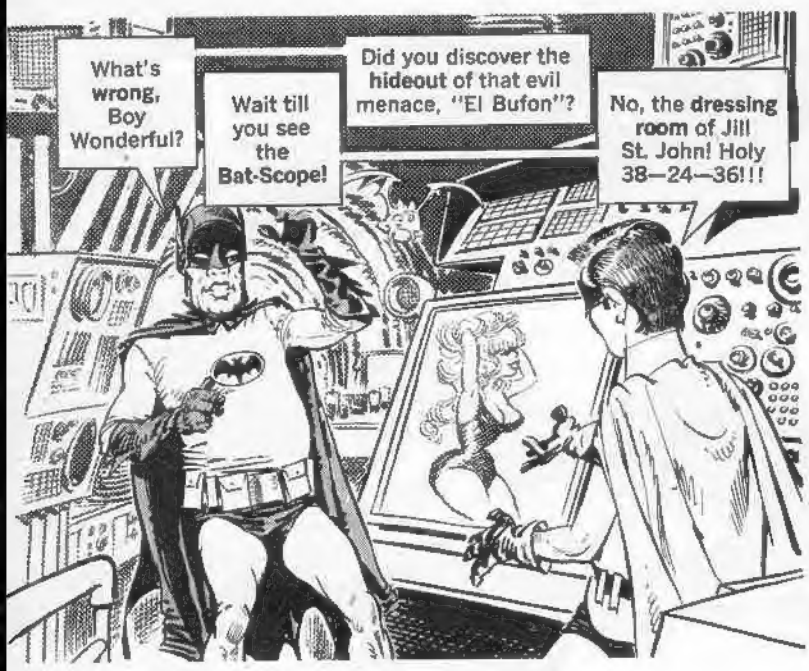
Meanwhile, at Franklin D. Wilson High School . . .

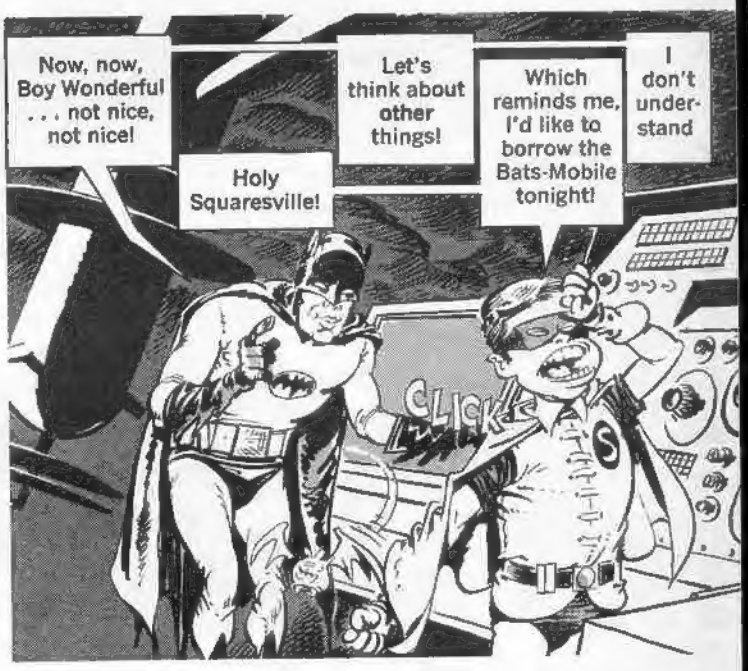


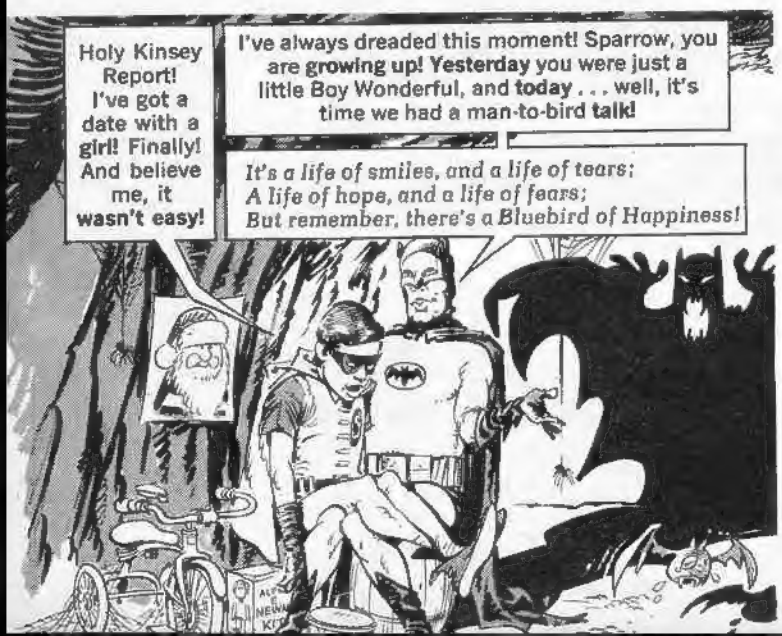



Neuman, did Gray come home from school yet?
Yes, sir. Master Sparrow went directly below to the laboratory.
YEEOOW!

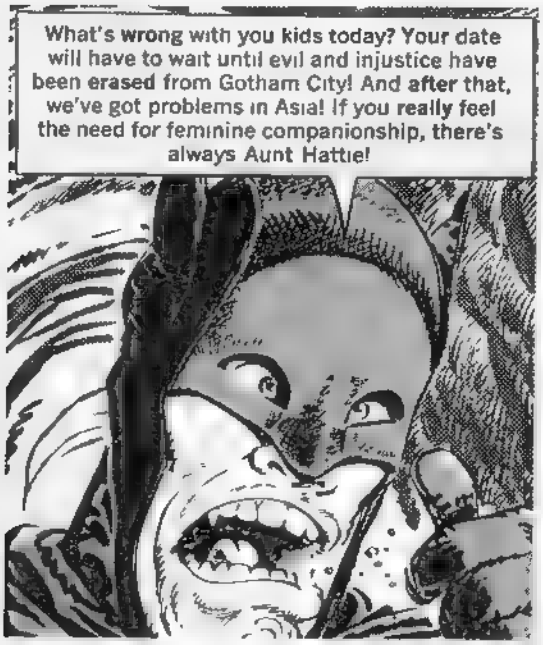
That was Sparrow! He must be in danger! I haven't a moment to lose! To the Bat-Slide!
WHEEEE!

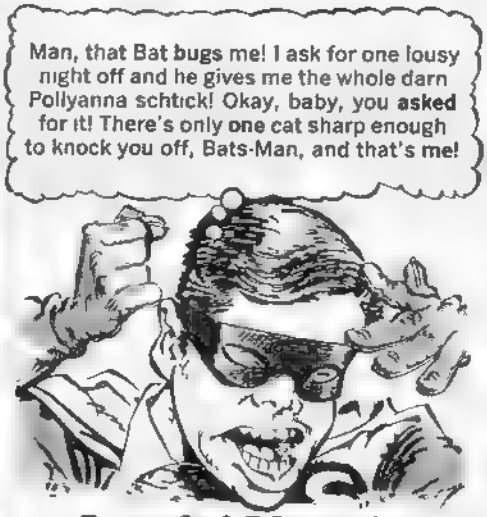

What's wrong, Boy Wonderful?
Wait till you see the Bat-Scope!
Did you discover the hideout of that evil menace, "El Bufon"?
No, the dressing room of Jill St. John! Holy 38—24—36!!!


Now, now, Boy Wonderful . . . not nice, not nice!
Holy Squaresville!
Let's think about other things!
Which reminds me, I'd like to borrow the Bats-Mobile tonight!
I don't understand
CLICK

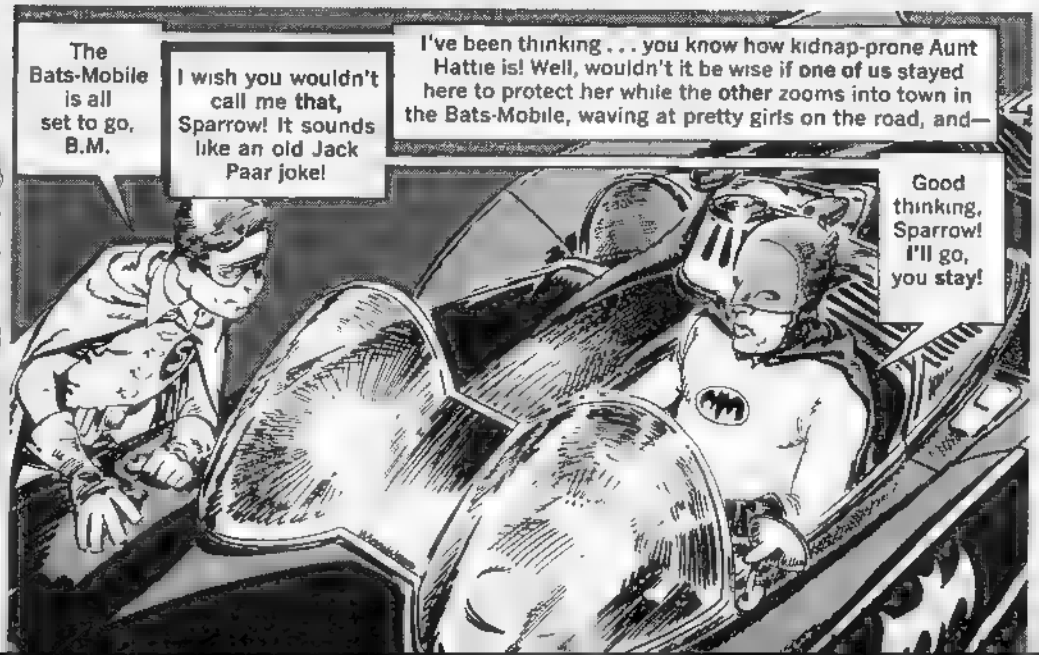

Holy Kinsey Report! I've got a date with a girl! Finally! And believe me, it wasn't easy!
I've always dreaded this moment! Sparrow, you are growing up! Yesterday you were just a little Boy Wonderful, and today . . . well, it's time we had a man-to-bird talk!
It's a life of smiles, and a life of tears;
A life of hope, and a life of fears;
But remember, there's a Bluebird of Happiness!

Holy Cornball! Listen, don't get me wrong, Bats-Man . . . I don't mind fighting crooks and running around in my underwear! But I'd also like some time for good, clean teenage activities, like making out and sniffing airplane glue and talking for hours on the phone . . .
But Sparrow— You have your own private phone!
SYOSSET HIGH

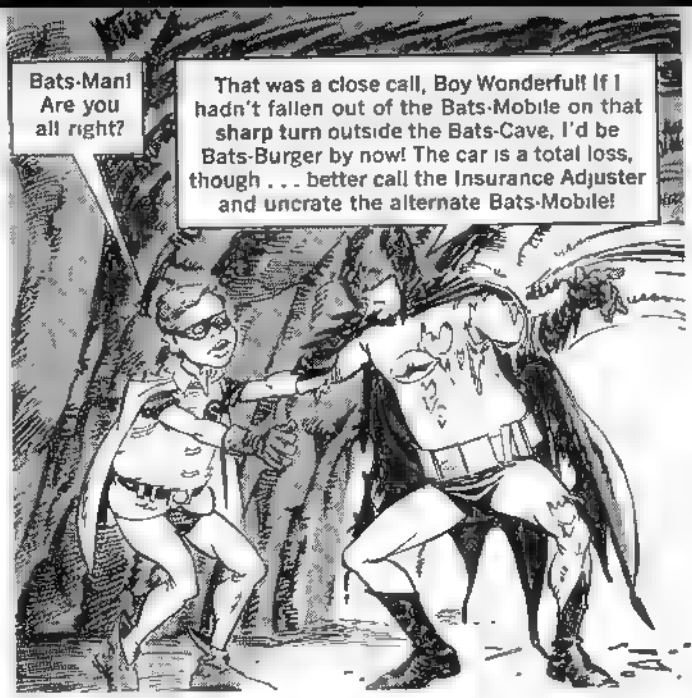


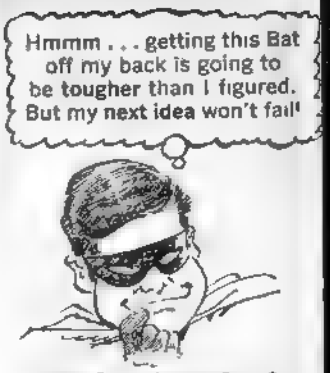


Leapin' Lizards! It's Sparrow Versus Bats-Man!

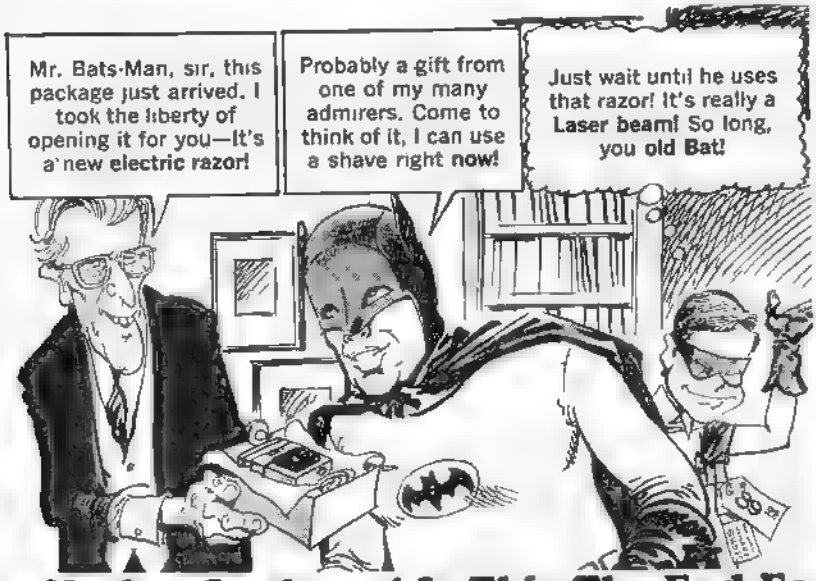


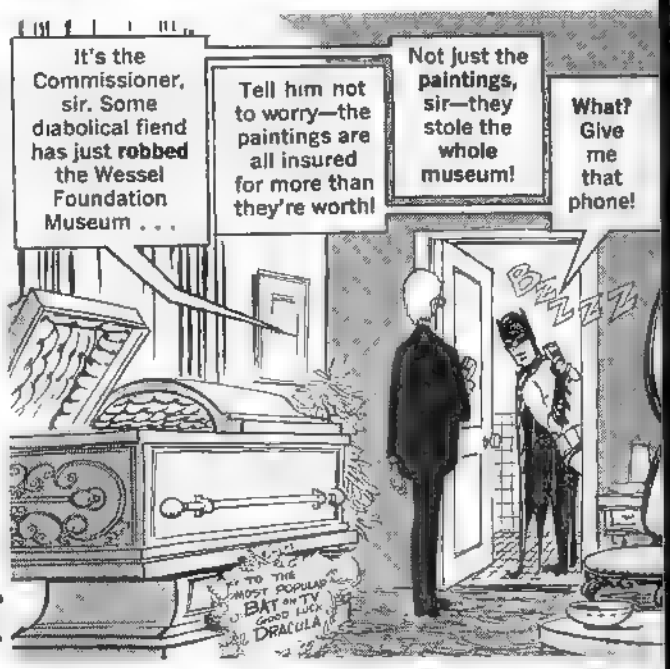
Holy Mushroom Cloud! Can That Be The End Of Bats-Man?!



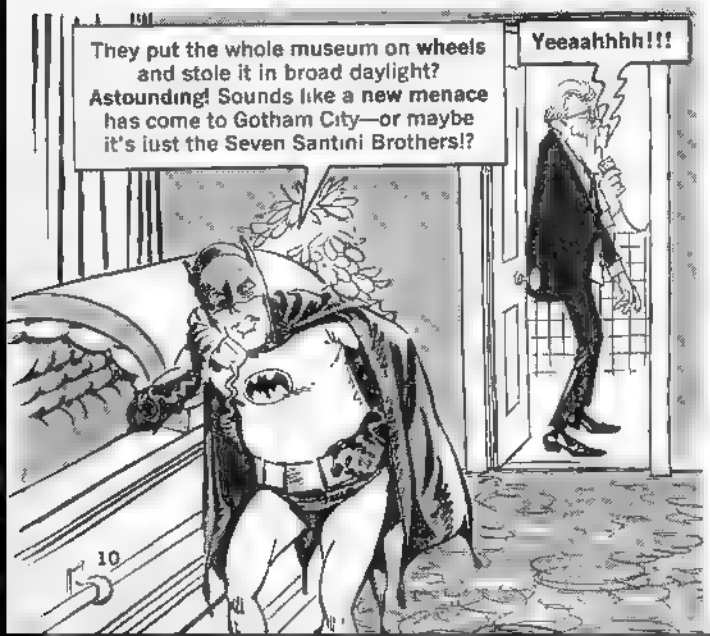


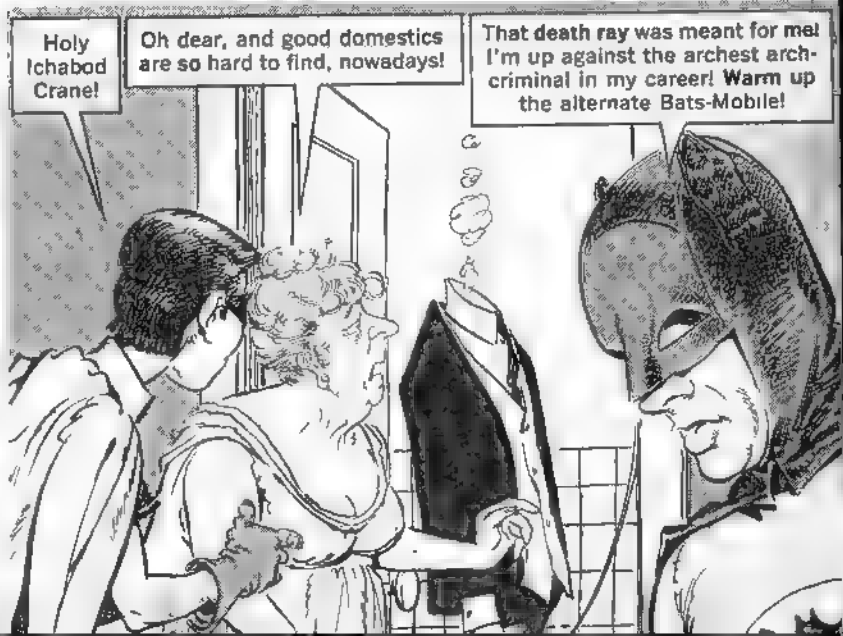
Holy Socks! What Bird-Brained Scheme Is Sparrow Hatching Now?





Suffering Sunbeam! Is This The End For Bats-Man, Or Just Another Close Shave?





Well, I tried all the conventional TV weapons and nothing worked. There's only one way left to destroy Bats-Man—expose him!
Holy Perversion, Sparrow! That Would Be Indecent!
Don't you think we ought to close the cave and put the roadblock back up, Bats-Man?
Don't worry about it, Sparrow. If they really wanted to find out where the Bats-Cave is, all they'd have to do is trace the line from the Bats-Phone in the Commissioner's office. TV writers have no logic at all!
Bats-Man! I just received a call from a fiend who calls himself "El Capon". He said that at midnight tonight he's going to reveal your true identity on TV!
Great Scott! We'll have to forget about the museum robbery! There are thousands of Rembrandts and Da Vincis, but only ONE Bats-Man!
CRIME WAVE
If I know my super-crooks, the evil El Capon is holed up in a deserted warehouse at the edge of town!
They always are!
Come on, Sparrow. We haven't a moment to lose!!
HOME
HEMPSTEAD BAY
OYSTER BAY
SANDS POINT
OLD SEAVILLE
MID POINT
GOTHAM CITY
GLUTTONTOWN
JAFFEES HOUSE
COVE
SYOSSET
WOODB
MEGLINS HOUSE
HICKSVILLE
WESTBURY
PETH PAGE
NASSAU COUNTY
Listen, Bats-Man . . . let's use Bats-Plan #5 where you go through the window and I go through the skylight! Sort of surround El Capon!
Good thinking, Boy Wonderful! In the meantime, let's enjoy the way they shoot this scene holding the camera sideways to give the impression that we're climbing a wall!
It's a trap!
Welcome, Bats-Man! I've been expecting you!
CRASH!

What have you done with Sparrow, you fiend?

Holy Benedict Arnold! If you only knew! But don't bother to struggle—that cage is escape proof! And in exactly one hour, the entire country will learn your identity!

Wait a second! I'd know that voice anywhere! I know who you really are, El Capon—you're Aunt Hattie!

Close, Bats-Man, but not close enough! You seem surprised . . .

Of course I am! I thought tonight's guest villain was supposed to be Laurence Olivier! But how were you able to make that phone call to the Commissioner? I was with you all the time! And how were you able to change into that costume so fast?

A lesson I learned from you in one of your many boring speeches! Remember the one about logic and TV writers? You were right! They have none! That's how come we can do things like starting down our Bat-Slide wearing street clothes and ending up in the Bats-Cave in full costume! But all that doesn't matter now. In a short time you'll be all washed up! Finished!

Sparrow, don't go through with your devilish scheme! You can't toss all this away—ratings, money, fame . . .

Fame? You call it fame having all my hip friends laughing at me?

What difference does it make if they laugh, as long as they watch the program! For years, TV tried to reach the so-called sophisticates with "Playhouse 90", "The Defenders", etc. But they wouldn't even turn on their sets!

PFFFFT!!!

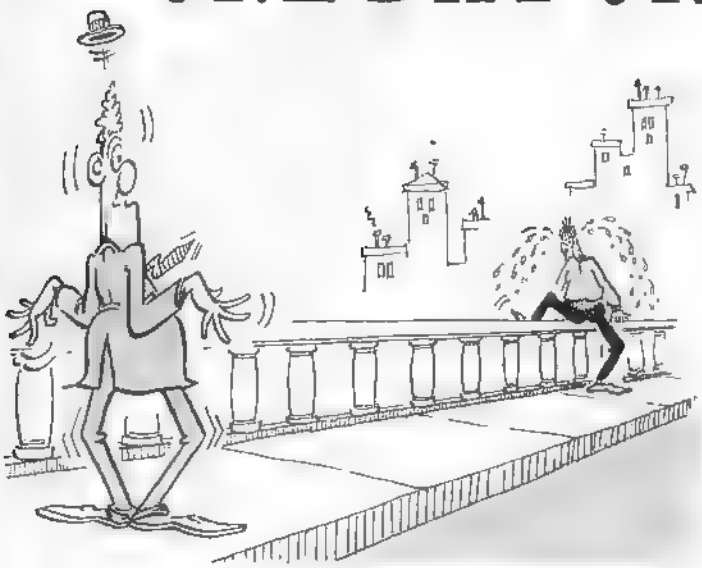
Then along came "Bats-Man" and the industry made a revolutionary discovery. Give the "in" group garbage—make the show bad enough and they'll call it "camp" and stay glued to their sets!

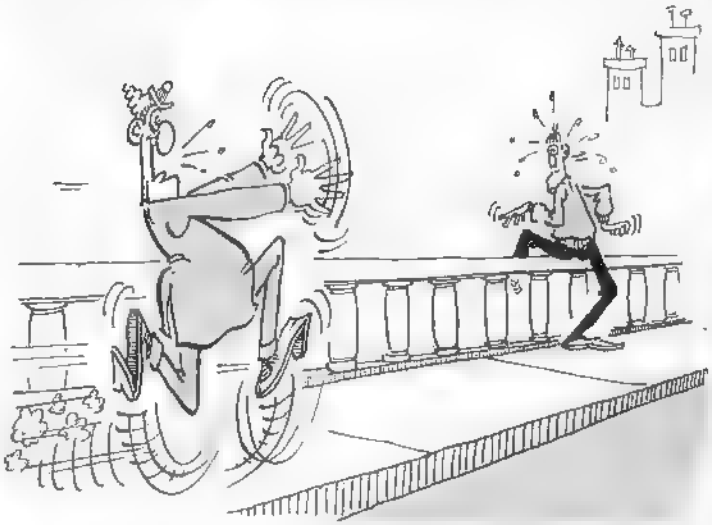
Holy Nielsen! You mean the swingers are really squarer than the squares?

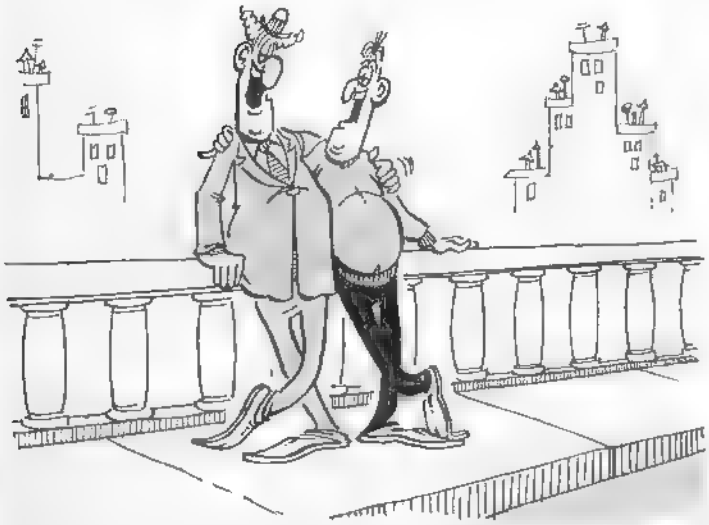
Exactly! So let them laugh! Because we laugh too—all the way to the bank! And about your little problems, Boy Wonderful . . . remember, I promised you a Bluebird of Happiness? Now that you're . . . shall we say "old enough" . . . you can start sharing the show's fringe benefits! Like, why do you think we have these gorgeous-doll guest stars?

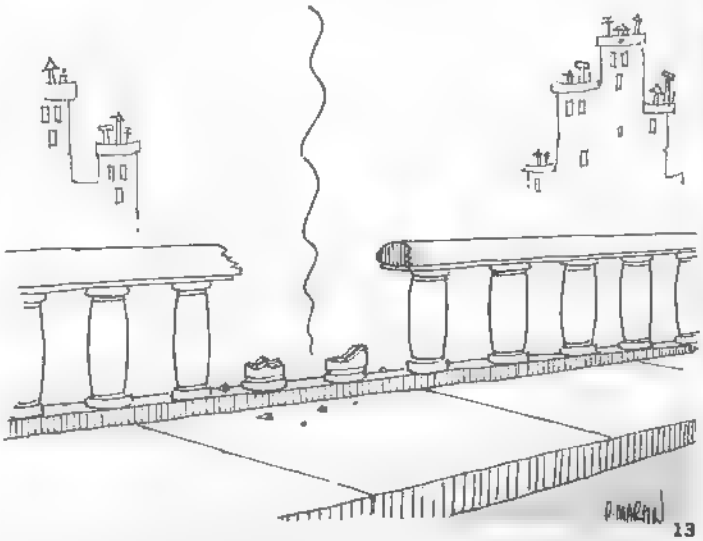
I dig, Bats-Man, I dig! Yeah! Yeah! YEAH!

ONE DAY ON THE BRIDGE









QUESTIONABLE ENTERTAINMENT DEPT.

You really can't depend on it, but every once in a while Television comes up with something exciting —like f'instance the widely-acclaimed "National Driver's Test." However, this resulted in something you really *can* depend on—mainly that Television always takes anything that is widely-acclaimed and

FUTURE NATIONAL

THE NATIONAL TEENAGER'S PARENTS TEST

1. At what age should you tell your child about "the birds and the bees"?
(a) 12 years old
(b) 14 years old
(c) 16 years old

ANSWER: (a) *You should tell your child about "the birds and the bees" when he is about 12 years old. However, you should tell your child about "sex" when he's a lot younger, or he's bound to find out for himself.*

2. At what time should you expect a teenage boy to come home if he has school the next day?
(a) 9:00 P.M.
(b) 10:00 P.M.
(c) 11:00 P.M.

ANSWER: (b) *You should expect him home at 10:00 P.M. However, you should not be surprised if he shows up at 1 or 2:00 P.M.*

3. A 14-year-old boy is old enough to be forced to take a job.
(a) True
(b) False

ANSWER: (b) *False. It is not fair to expect a boy of 14 to get a job. This is an important time in a boy's life, when he should be outdoors, running and swimming and playing. Of course, it is perfectly normal for you to insist that he do little things around the house, like mowing the lawn, painting the garage, taking out the garbage, simonizing the car, sanding and varnishing the floors, remodeling the basement, shopping, cooking, cleaning, sewing, baby-sitting, etc., etc.*

4. Giving a child blocks to play with will help him face life as an adult.
(a) True
(b) False

ANSWER: (a) *True. Especially if you give blocks around Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street.*

5. Petting should be discouraged among teenagers.
(a) True
(b) False

ANSWER: (a) *False. As a matter of fact, teenagers should even be encouraged to play with their dogs. Not only petting, but fetching, rolling over, sitting up, etc. can be stimulating and helpful in developing*

THE NATIONAL TEENAGER TEST

1. A teenage boy promises to pick up a girl at 8:00 P.M. He should actually arrive at her house at:
(a) 8:00 P.M.
(b) 8:30 P.M.
(c) 9:00 P.M.

ANSWER: (a) *is correct. If he says 8:00 P.M., he should arrive at 8:00 P.M. He should arrive, however, with several good books, a few crossword puzzles and some magazines to help pass the time while waiting for her.*

2. You are a teenage girl, and Friday night is the "big dance". No one has asked you. As a matter of fact, every time a boy comes up to you, he suddenly turns his head and walks away. You should:
(a) Not go to the dance, and spend the evening fretting.
(b) Ask your best friend what's wrong with you.
(c) Have your brother or cousin take you.
(d) Get some of that good-tasting "red stuff".

ANSWER: (d) *Get some of that good-tasting "red stuff". A quart of Gallo or Thunderbird, chug-a-lugged, should help you forget about that crummy dance completely.*

3. John wants to show the best possible manners to his new girl. After picking her up in front of her home, he opened the door and let her go in first, then he closed the door, walked around to the other side, and got in himself. This showed good manners.
(a) True
(b) False

ANSWER: (a) *True. Actually, this did show good manners. However, if everyone did this, bus service would be slowed down considerably.*

4. A newly-married teenage couple should let their parents visit:
(a) Twice a week
(b) Once a week
(c) Every other week
(d) Once a month

ANSWER: (a) *A newly-married teenage couple should let their parents visit at least twice a week. After all, it is the parents' house.*

beats the idea to death! Which is why the "National Driver's Test" was followed by the "National Citizenship Test," the "National Health Test," the "National Honesty Test" and the "National Income Tax Test." Which is why we feel that it won't be long before we'll turn on our sets and find these

TELEVISION TESTS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE NATIONAL CITY-DWELLER'S TEST

1. How much rent would you expect to pay for a decent three-room apartment in a big city?
(a) $100 a month
(b) $200 a month
(c) $300 a month

ANSWER: (a) (b) & (c) *are all correct. Not individually, but added together. Yes, $600 a month is what a decent apartment rents for in a big city . . . unless, of course, you want to spend even more for "extras" like windows and doors and a wall to divide your apartment from the one next to you.*

2. At Christmas, you should give money to:
(a) The Superintendent
(b) The Mailman
(c) The Doorman
(d) None of the above

ANSWER: (d) *You are not obliged to give money to people like those listed above at Christmas time. The fool who does merely wants to avoid (a) being evicted, (b) having his mail thrown down a sewer, and (c) suffering a broken nose from having the front door slammed in his face.*

3. If your neighbors are noisy late at night, you should:
(a) Call your neighbors
(b) Report them to the police
(c) Turn up your TV set
(d) Do nothing

ANSWER: (a) *You should call your neighbors. Some of the things you can call them are:* "#$%@¢*&!" — "&%$#¢@+%!" *—and* "%&*#¢@#".

4. You should complain to your landlord if the temperature in your apartment falls below:
(a) 60 degrees
(b) 50 degrees
(c) 40 degrees

ANSWER: *You can complain to your landlord if the temperature falls below* (a) *60 degrees. You can also complain if it falls below* (b) *50 degrees. You can even complain if it falls below* (c) *40 degrees. It won't do you any good. Landlords don't care what the heck temperature you complain at. They never listen.*

THE NATIONAL TELEVISION VIEWER'S TEST

1. Huntley and Brinkley are:
(a) Newscasters
(b) Comedians
(c) Brothers

ANSWER: *We thought we'd start off this test with a real easy one. Of course, the answer is* (b) *Comedians, since the networks have been trying to make the news funnier and funnier lately.*

2. The Ed Sullivan Show has been entertaining television viewers on Sunday evenings for 15 years now.
(a) True
(b) False

ANSWER: (b) *False. Although the Ed Sullivan Show has been on for 15 years, and is televised on Sunday evenings, the "key word" in this trick question is "entertaining".*

3. 90% of all prime time TV shows are in:
(a) Black & white
(b) Color
(c) Bad taste

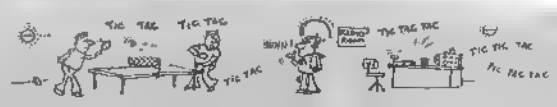
ANSWER: (b) *Color. (Editor's Note to the millions who wrote* (c)*: We feel a joke is a joke, and a lawsuit is a lawsuit!)*

4. If you want real action, the show to watch is:
(a) The Man From U.N.C.L.E.
(b) Batman
(c) Hullabaloo

ANSWER: *This question cannot be answered with a simple* (a), (b) *or* (c). *It would depend on your definition of "action". For example, if you wanted to see violence and fistfights and knifings and screaming, you would, of course, pick* (c) *Hullabaloo.*

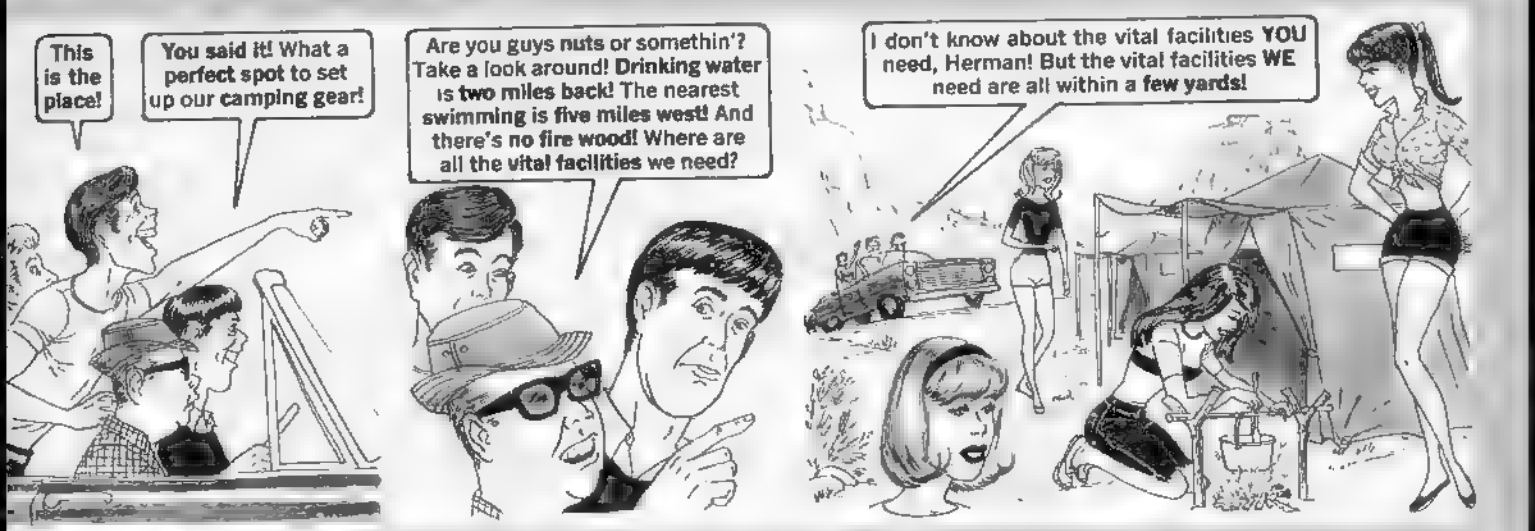
5. The most talented man on TV is:
(a) Lawrence Welk
(b) Durward Kirby
(c) Allen Ludden
(d) Bert Parks

ANSWER: *False.*



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

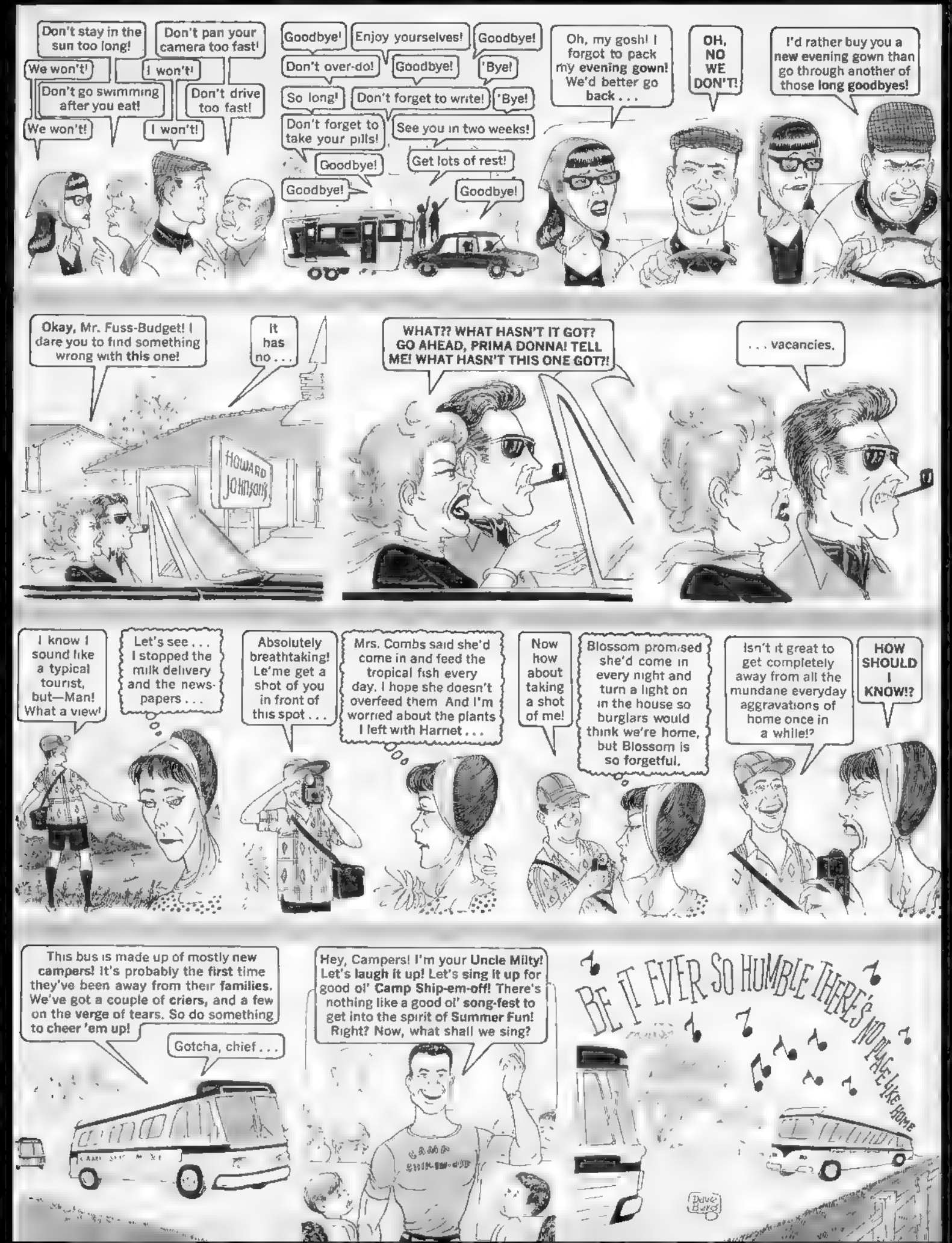
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



TRAVELING

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Ann, I haven't got a shirt to wear!
What do you mean? I did a whole batch yesterday!
I packed those away for the trip!
You're packed already!? But we're not leaving for two weeks!
I don't believe in waiting until the last minute like you do! So if you don't mind, I'd like a shirt . . .
Sure, honey! Just one minute . . .
HEY! WHAT IN HECK ARE YOU DOING!?
Just unpacking your bag for when we return home from our trip! Why leave things for the last minute?!
All right, Mr. Particular! That's the third motel you've passed! What was the matter with that one?
It had no pool!
ANNETTA MOTEL
And what's wrong with this one?
It has no Air Conditioners!
Motel
And this one? What's wrong with this one?
It has no TV sets in every room!
MOTEL
LANGBEIN
Sure . . . it's way in the back!
Oh! Er—thank you, but I'd rather not go!
You mean you're just going to sit there and suffer? Why?
I—I don't think I could stand having everybody know where I'm going!
This your first plane flight?
Yes, but I'm not worried! I don't see anything to be afraid of!
Welcome aboard, ladies and gentlemen! I am your Stewardess. Since most of our flight will be over water, in case of emergency, you will find your Life Preserver under your seat which is inflated by pulling these tabs. If we suddenly lose cabin pressure, there is an Oxygen Mask over your head . . .
The Emergency Escape Hatch is in the rear. There is another Emergency Exit next to seat 29A. And if you feel airsick, there is a paper bag in the pocket in front of you! Thank you!
Now I see what there is to be afraid of!


Don't stay in the sun too long!
We won't!
Don't go swimming after you eat!
We won't!
Don't pan your camera too fast!
I won't!
Don't drive too fast!
I won't!
Goodbye!
Enjoy yourselves!
Goodbye!
Don't over-do!
Goodbye!
'Bye!
So long!
Don't forget to write!
'Bye!
Don't forget to take your pills!
See you in two weeks!
Goodbye!
Get lots of rest!
Goodbye!
Goodbye!
Oh, my gosh! I forgot to pack my evening gown! We'd better go back . . .
OH, NO WE DON'T!
I'd rather buy you a new evening gown than go through another of those long goodbyes!
Okay, Mr. Fuss-Budget! I dare you to find something wrong with this one!
It has no . . .
HOWARD JOHNSON'S
WHAT?? WHAT HASN'T IT GOT? GO AHEAD, PRIMA DONNA! TELL ME! WHAT HASN'T THIS ONE GOT?!
. . . vacancies.
I know I sound like a typical tourist, but—Man! What a view!
Let's see . . . I stopped the milk delivery and the news-papers . . .
Absolutely breathtaking! Le'me get a shot of you in front of this spot . . .
Mrs. Combs said she'd come in and feed the tropical fish every day. I hope she doesn't overfeed them And I'm worried about the plants I left with Harriet . . .
Now how about taking a shot of me!
Blossom promised she'd come in every night and turn a light on in the house so burglars would think we're home, but Blossom is so forgetful.
Isn't it great to get completely away from all the mundane everyday aggravations of home once in a while!?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW!?
This bus is made up of mostly new campers! It's probably the first time they've been away from their families. We've got a couple of criers, and a few on the verge of tears. So do something to cheer 'em up!
Gotcha, chief . . .
Hey, Campers! I'm your Uncle Milty! Let's laugh it up! Let's sing it up for good ol' Camp Ship-em-off! There's nothing like a good ol' song-fest to get into the spirit of Summer Fun! Right? Now, what shall we sing?
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME
Dave Berg

007
LICENSE TO KILL
ISSUED TO
JAMES BOND
SECRET AGENT

Reposing special confidence in the discretion of the Agent hereupon designated Her Most Gracious Majesty, by virtue of Her Royal Prerogative does hereby license the said Agent to exercise such mayhem and bodily restraint upon any of her enemies in such manner and with sufficient rigor as may result in their ultimate and final demise.

This is James Bond's "007—License To Kill". Who gave it to him? We have no idea, but he's got it. And so he can go around killing anyone he wants any time that he wants. Which is okay with us, providing he has that license. Mainly because we think this licensing idea is a good one. In fact, we'd like to carry it a step further, and issue these . . .

MA

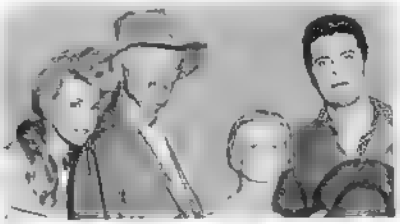
001
LICENSE TO COAST
Issued To
JACKIE GLEASON
Former Funny Man

This license entitles the holder to rest on his laurels, having presented tired routines and vintage jokes, and generally shown his contempt for America's sense of humor while allowing his great talent to remain hidden.

003
LICENSE TO BORE
Issued To
DEAN RUSK
Secretary Of State

This license entitles the bearer to impress people as being unbelievably dull and uninspired, thereby matching our U.S. Foreign Policy. It further permits him to speak without moving a muscle—or the world leaders who are listening to him, for that matter.

005
LICENSE TO SHAME
Issued To
THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES
Ambassadors of American Culture



Licensees are permitted to perform their idiocies on TV screens all over the world, thereby damaging beyond repair the image of America and giving the peoples of foreign countries the impression that we are undeniably a nation of morons and cretins.

D LICENSES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

002

LICENSE TO NAUSEATE

Issued To

DORIS DAY

Rapidly Aging Movie Star

Holder of this license is entitled to act like an over-ripe teenager, and to run from romantic entanglements unless and until the pursuer comes across with the wedding ring. This is, of course, less of a tribute to the licensee's virtue, and more of a tribute to her basically shrewd commercial instincts.

004

LICENSE TO AMAZE

Issued To

DURWARD KIRBY

All-Around TV Something-Or-Other

The recipient of this license is permitted to perform without inspiration, to make jokes without wit, and to survive endlessly on TV for no perceptible reason. This license will be immediately revoked should holder at any time demonstrate the least degree of talent.

006

LICENSE TO BE PRETENTIOUS

Issued To

HUGH M. HEFNER

Editor, Publisher and Poolroom Philosopher

As a self-appointed expert, by way of being the publisher of a pseudo-intellectual sex magazine, the licensee is permitted to make personal appearances to expound an endless cliche philosophy dealing with sex, mores and other things that may cross his mind. This license, therefore, allows him to feel just like Friedrich Nietzche--while sounding exactly like Donald Duck!

008

LICENSE TO BE INSIGNIFICANT

Issued To

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

Reputed-To-Be

Vice President Of The U.S.

So that the bearer may be entitled to make personal appearances that go unnoticed, make speeches that go unheard, and hold Press Conferences that go unattended, MAD is proud to issue this license to what's-his-name.

009

LICENSE TO BE OVERBEARING

Issued To

JERRY LEWIS

Master Of Subtlety

Holder of this license is allowed to make jokes in any area, regardless of taste, and to assume that the world awaits with bated breath his very appearance so that he can feel obliged to perform as something other than what he became famous for . . . an idiot.

0 0½

LICENSE TO DISGUST

Issued To

THE DOUBLEMINT SINGING KIDS

Some Idiot's Idea Of Typical American Teenagers

This licensed pair is permitted to act so clean and so wholesome and so antiseptic while singing off-key as to make TV viewers throw shoes at their TV screens before ultimately throwing up.

000

LICENSE TO STEAL

Issued To

WILLIAM M. GAINES

Publisher Of MAD

This license permits the holder to ask the ridiculous sum of 30¢ for a collection of inane articles like this one, and also allows him to ask the even more ridiculous sum of 50¢ when such garbage is reprinted.

MEANWHILE AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

INVITATION TO THE DUNCE DEPT.

WHAT IS A PA

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

BETWEEN THE TIME the first guests arrive, and the time the last coat is removed from the host's bed, every gathering is guaranteed to be infiltrated by a square peg in the social circle called a "Party-Pooper." A Party-Pooper is the catalyst that binds together diverse elements and motivates everyone to go home by 10:15. Party-Poopers poop parties in a variety of ways . . . but there are two main social blunders they invariably commit: (1) Showing up, and (2) Staying.

PARTY-POOPERS ARE USUALLY found in almost every room of the house except where the party is. Some barricade themselves in the kitchen, where they monopolize the prettiest girl in the crowd for the entire evening by threatening to throw her car keys down the Disposall. Others retire to the den, searching for something interesting to read . . . in the desk drawers. And one is always on the Princess phone in the master bedroom, dialing the recorded weather forecast number . . . in Anchorage, Alaska.

EVEN WHEN A PARTY-POOPER joins the group, he never quite gets with it. He's the one who becomes so convulsed while repeating a Bennett Cerf witticism that he falls into the hors d'oeuvres. He's the one who interrupts conversations about "Peyton Place" to explain the Farm Subsidy Program. And he's the one who insists on demonstrating, unsuccessfully, how the host's electrical wiring can be tied to a neighbor's meter.

A PARTY-POOPER LIKES TO: tell long pointless jokes in dialect, rummage through refrigerators, do card tricks, reminisce over trips to the dentist, perform on the kazoo, wear a tie clip that squirts ammonia, and stand on the sofa to supervise the choosing of teams for word games he's suggested playing. A Party-Pooper does not particularly like discussions of: popular movies he hasn't seen, popular books he hasn't read, popular people he doesn't know, or popular issues he hasn't heard about.

IN A WAY, it's a pity on a Party-Pooper. He bathes with *Dial*, shampoos with *Head and Shoulders*, sprays on *Ban*, brushes with *Colgate*, gargles with *Listerine* and grooms with *VO-5*. Then he sets forth to infect the *Pepsi Generation* with a *Carter's Little Liver Pill* personality.

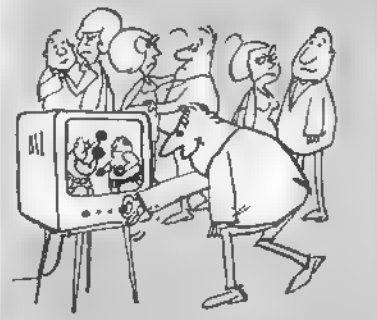
ARTY-POOPER?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

PARTY-POOPERS PUSH HOSTESSES to the brink of distraction, and uncooperative blondes to the brink of 19th floor apartment terraces. They have a knack for putting to sleep every guest on the scene while they're waking up every baby on the block. Once they're invited to a party, they never break their promise to come . . . and once they come, they never fail to break everything else.

STILL, PARTY-POOPERS POSSESS a spirit of generosity that drives them to share what they have with others. They bring: casseroles of health food to dinner parties, French post-cards to children's parties, loaded cameras to office parties, Presbyterian ministers to stag parties, and jilted girl friends of the groom to wedding parties.

BUT PARTY-POOPERS ARE NOT REALLY sadistic or cruel or destructive. There is nothing sadistic about bringing a stack of Judy Canova records . . . if nobody has to listen to them. There is nothing cruel about carrying around a stamp album . . . if nobody has to marvel at the set of Liechtenstein airmails. And there is nothing destructive about ringing a doorbell . . . if nobody answers it to let in the Party-Pooper with his Judy Canova records and his stamp album.



MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT, THOUGH! Party-Poopers always manage to get into parties somehow . . . to race from room to room, strangling merriment with their own bare personalities. But after the party runs out of cheese dip and ice cubes and ginger ale, because the Party-Pooper fed the cheese dip to the cat and threw the ice cubes in the toilet and poured the ginger ale into the fish tank . . . and after the guests have learned that six Wedgwood cups cannot be balanced on a broom handle, and a Great Dane loses his sweet disposition when a bird cage is tied around his neck, and it's much easier to take a priceless model ship out of a bottle than to put it back in . . . and after the conviviality has sunk into a terminal coma and expired from acute boredom, you can bet that the Party-Pooper will be the only one who doesn't know he killed it simply because he was there. And come next Saturday night, he'll be ringing the doorbell of another victim, and shattering the night air with his familiar, cheery cry:

"HEY, WHERE'S THE PARTY?"

BEHIND THE ODD BALL DEPT.

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

LEWIS CHATTERLY,

a New Yorker,
WAS PASSING THROUGH A SMALL TOWN IN GEORGIA TRAVELING AT 8 MILES PER HOUR... AND YET..
WAS GIVEN A TICKET FOR SPEEDING!

WE KNOW THIS IS NOT SO UNUSUAL! ALMOST EVERYONE FROM NEW YORK TRAVELING THROUGH SMALL TOWNS IN GEORGIA AT 8 MPH IS GIVEN A TICKET FOR SPEEDING. *WHAT'S AMAZING ABOUT THIS PARTICULAR INCIDENT IS* **LEWIS WAS WALKING AT THE TIME!**

A "PRINCESS PHONE"

THAT DOESN'T SHAKE AND FALL OFF THE TABLE WHEN IT RINGS OR WHEN YOU DIAL IT
is owned by MR D AMECHE of Hazelton Pa

THAT'S BECAUSE THE PHONE IS NAILED DOWN!
MR AMECHE HIMSELF HOWEVER SHAKES AND FALLS OFF THE TABLE AT THE END OF EVERY MONTH WHEN HE SEES HIS BILL FOR THE "PRINCESS PHONE"!

Contrary to Popular Belief,

Bert Parks

DOES NOT EMCEE THE "MISS AMERICA" CONTEST BECAUSE HE SINGS SO WELL!

HE'S CALLED BACK YEAR AFTER YEAR BECAUSE HE'S MUCH PRETTIER THAN MOST OF THE "MISS AMERICA" CONTESTANTS!

RONALD ALLEN MURPHY

RAN FOR A CONGRESSIONAL SEAT IN THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA..... AND YET...
WAS *NOT* A FORMER SONG AND DANCE MAN, MOVIE CELEBRITY, AUTHOR OR COMEDIAN!

RAH RAH RON! WIN WITH WILLIE RONALD ALLEN REPENT THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE VOTE FOR MURPHY WIN WITH RAM

RONALD *LOST* BY A LANDSLIDE!

LES GRANE,

POPULAR TV ENTERTAINER AND HOST OF HIS OWN NETWORK TELEVISION SHOW
DID NOT START OUT ON HIS CAREER AS AN NBC PAGE BOY!

HOWEVER, AS A RESULT OF THE RATINGS OF HIS LAST SHOW, HE IS *CURRENTLY* WORKING AS AN NBC PAGE BOY!

JACKIE-OF-ALL-TRADES DEPT.

If you've been watching the covers of Movie Magazines on the newsstands lately, you're probably aware that they all look something like this...

When you get right down to it, all Movie Magazine covers are composed of two basic ingredients: (1) Wild and sensational story-titles, most of which are misleading and/or phony; and (2) Come-on articles and photos dealing with—of all people—JACKIE KENNEDY! Apparently, in the eyes of Movie Magazine editors, Jackie hasn't suffered enough in her life time. Now she is forced to undergo the indignity of seeing photos and idiotically-contrived stories about her in every Film Fan Publication in the country. Which got us to thinking: Since Movie Mags have found the magic success formula, isn't it a matter of time before all the other magazines latch on to the same formula? Here, then, is what we can expect...

IF OTHER PUBLICATIONS USED THOSE SENSATIONAL MOVIE MAG COVER GIMMICKS

(INCLUDING THE SHAMELESS EXPLOITATION OF JACKIE KENNEDY)

"Don't Let Them Make Me Have THAT Operation!" Pleads Lassie

Pet World

July
1966
35¢

An Open Letter To
JACKIE KENNEDY:
"You'd Be A Fool To
Become A Playboy Bunny!"

"THE AFFAIR I SWORE I
WOULD NEVER TALK ABOUT!"
by Mr. Ed

"James Dean Is Dead—
But Checkers Lives!"
A New Memory Cult Is Born

CHEETAH:
"Forget My Name! I'm
A One-Woman Monkey!"

"Hibernating...Hah!"
The Naked Truth About
Those Long Winters In
Smokey The Bear's Cave

"MY LIFE AND LOVES"
FROM THE NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF RIN TIN TIN AS
TOLD TO FLIPPER

It's All Over Between Mr. Hoboken And His Deltoids!

Muscular Development

JULY 1966 50¢

STEVE REEVES:
The Ugly Whispers About
His Doorway Chinning Bar
Lat-Pulley Shaper

ARE DAVE DRAPER'S
ABDOMINALS HEADING
FOR BIG HEADLINES?

Mr. Lake Ronkonkomo:
His Strange Passion For
Older Sandow Cable
Pectoral Definers

"Mr. America" and
"Miss America"—
Are They Exercising
Together These Days?

MRS. CHARLES ATLAS:
"I REFUSE TO SHARE
MY HOME WITH ANOTHER
15-INCH BICEP!"

JACKIE KENNEDY:
Is She Finding A New Life With
A Permanent Forearm Bomber?

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

JULY 1966 VOL 129 NO 6

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

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WHY RANDY PAAR IS ON AN OLDER PIGMY KICK 774
THE ONE RUMOR "RAND" CAN'T DENY: "McNALLY" WANTS OUT! 777
IS WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE TRUE? 781
THE STRANGE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN FRANK BUCK AND GARGANTUA 785
14 COLOR PHOTOS OF MARLON BRANDO'S TAHITIAN TEMPTRESS 789

$8.00 A YEAR $1.00 A COPY

"Love Is For Emus!" Says Sexpot Goddess Eris

POPULAR CROSSWORDS

"SEX BEFORE MARRIAGE? NOT IN MY BOOK!"
Angry Noah Webster Declares

JULY 35¢

INTRIGUE AT THE
N. Y. TIMES CROSSWORD
PUZZLE DEPARTMENT:
The Night Margaret Farrar
Cried In Bergen Evans' Arms

ISAAC FUNK'S GREAT FEAR:
"If he ever caught me cheating while doing a Crossword Puzzle, Wagnalls would kill me!"

SPECIAL BONUS:
Seven Full-Color Portraits Of
PETER ROGET
Suitable For Framing

JACKIE KENNEDY:
"Loneliness Is Like A Bitter Vetch!"

WHEN NORM NELSON FOUND GOD IN A ROLLERIZED CAMSHAFT

ROAD & TRACK

JULY 50 cents

Wayne Horning's Secret Fears For His Unborn Stock Car

* * * *

CRAIG BREEDLOVE'S SEARING CONFESSIONS ABOUT HIS 4-POT MANIFOLD

* * * *

DAN GURNEY: What His Wife Doesn't Know About These Long Nights On The Yucca Salt Flats

* * * *

IS HENRY FORD STILL CARRYING A TORCH FOR HIS EDSEL?

* * * *

"Weird-oh's" Actually Make Me Nauseous!" BY "BIG DADDY" ROTH

HAS JACKIE KENNEDY FOUND HAPPINESS WITH GARLITS DRAGSTER CHASSIS?

U.S. News & World Report

35 CENTS JULY 18, 1966

THE GIRL WHO LANDED DEAN RUSK But Can She Hold Him?

JACKIE KENNEDY'S HUSH-HUSH TETE-A-TETES WITH HAILLE SELASSIE

THE CHIANG KAI-SHEKS: After Sex—What?

EX-KING SAUD ON MARRIAGE. "These 22 Are For Keeps!"

Is Fidel Castro Mooning Over A Chicken That Fled To Miami?

"DADDY'S A REACTIONARY PRUDE!" How Linda Bird Johnson Sees LBJ

GOLDA MEIER: The Former UN Sexpot U Thant Can't Stay Neutral About

U.S. CAMERA & Travel

JULY 1966 50 CENTS

A Portfolio Of Recently Discovered "Naughty" Tintypes By Mathew Brady

AN OPEN LETTER TO JAMES WONG HOWE: *You Don't Stand A Chinaman's Chance With* JACKIE KENNEDY

The Rumor BELL can't fight: "HOWELL WANTS OUT!"

What goes on after they sit for Bachrach

Richard Avedon's DARKROOM: The Honest Lowdown:

An Intimate Close-Up Of GEORGE EASTMAN The Rochester "Kook"

The Hot Loves Of ERNST LEITZ: Mrs. Leitz No Leica!

EXCLUSIVE: 17 FULL-COLOR PICTURES OF J. PAUL GETTY'S WALLET

BUSINESS WEEK

July 16, 1966 Fifty Cents

Are Dow And Jones Heading For Heartbreak?

THE NIGHT ELIZABETH ARDEN CRIED IN MAX FACTOR'S ARMS

Merril, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith: THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM THEY ALL SHARE

Is Henry R. Playing It LUCE?

THE FEELING THAT PEPSI EXEC, JOAN CRAWFORD KEEPS ALL BOTTLED UP

JACKIE KENNEDY'S NEXT:

One Of The Seven Santini Brothers?

SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD'S new game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you come up with a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN

Laughing At A GROSS EXAGGERATION

Shrinking From A LOATHESOME TASK

Hatching A SCHEME

Laboring Under An ILLUSION

Recalling An OLD INCIDENT

Preserving A FAMILY TRADITION

Troubled By A NAGGING DOUBT

Lodging A COMPLAINT

Losing One's Self In One's WORK

Stretching A POINT

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

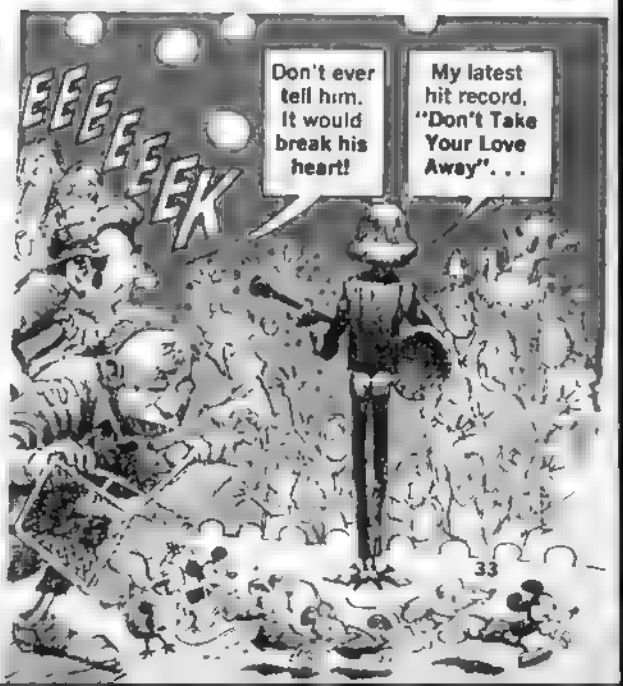
MEANWHILE AT THE SCULPTOR'S STUDIO

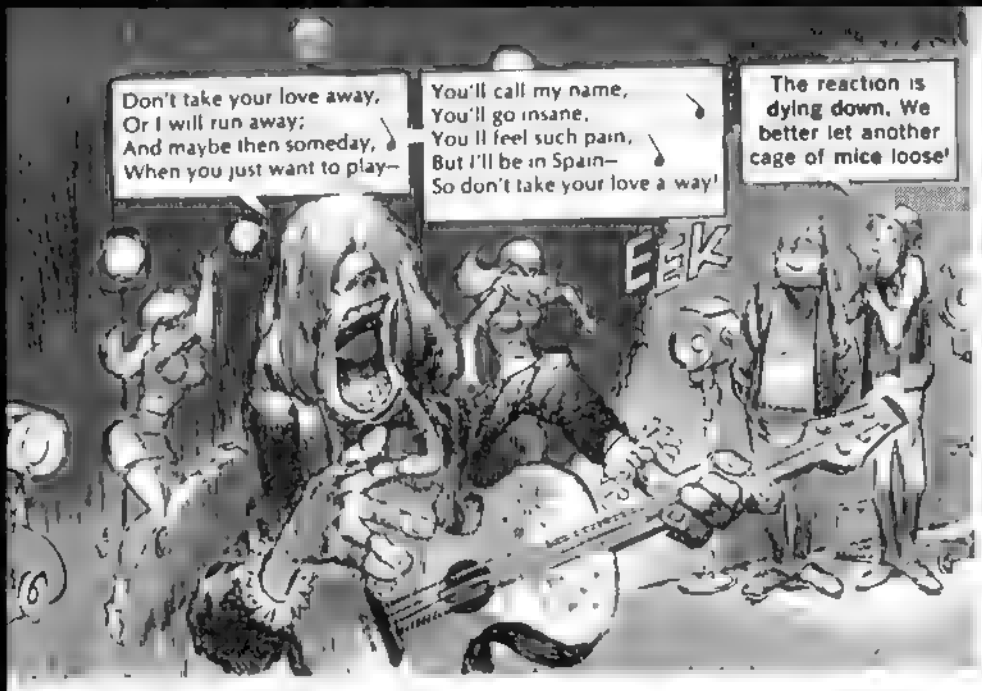
SLIPPED DISCOTHEQUE DEPT.

You screamed at "Hullabaloo"! You shouted at "Shindig"! You shrieked at "Hollywood Au Go Go"! and now you're gonna holler – mainly for your money back – after you read MAD's version of the biggest of the biggies

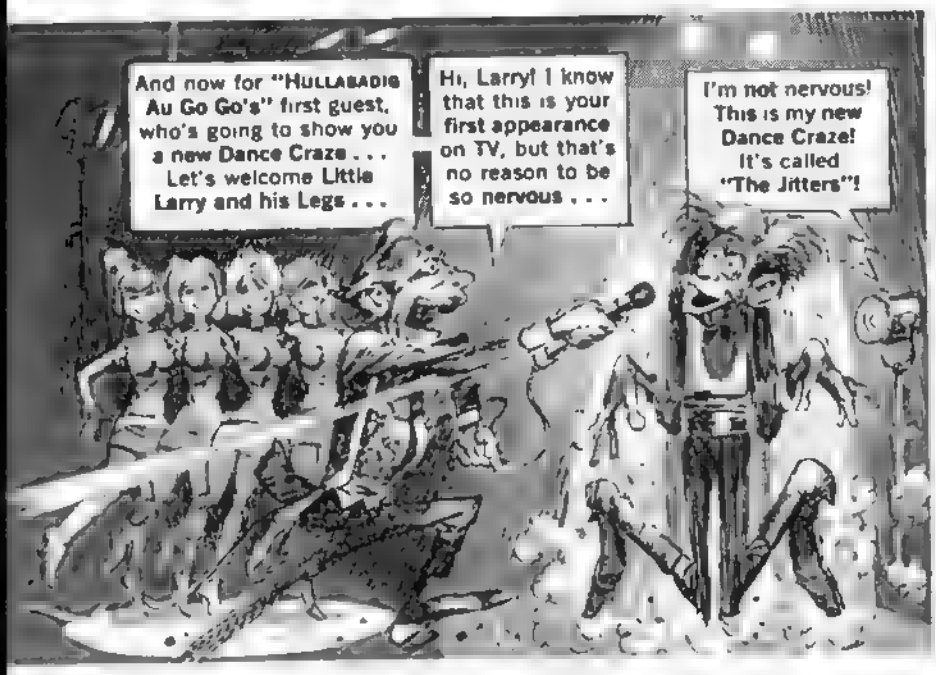
HULLABADIG AU GO GO

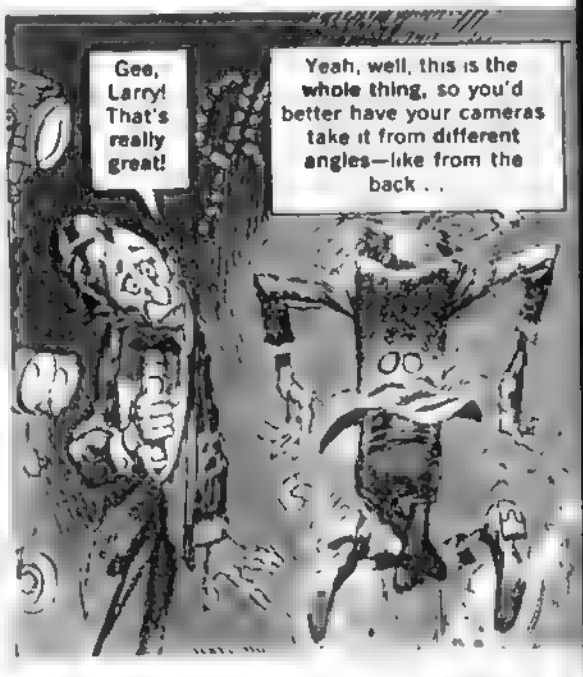
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO




Don't take your love away,
Or I will run away;
And maybe then someday,
When you just want to play—
You'll call my name,
You'll go insane,
You'll feel such pain,
But I'll be in Spain—
So don't take your love a way!
The reaction is dying down. We better let another cage of mice loose!
EEK

Thanks, everybody. Y'know, I don't often dedicate songs, but I'd like to dedicate that one to someone in Show Biz that I've always looked up to—a real slick chick—Maria Callas! Maria, if you're watching, sing it out, baby! That was for you! And maybe someday, we'll be able to do it as a duet—or maybe even sing it together.


And now for "HULLABADIO Au Go Go's" first guest, who's going to show you a new Dance Craze . . . Let's welcome Little Larry and his Legs . . .
Hi, Larry! I know that this is your first appearance on TV, but that's no reason to be so nervous . . .
I'm not nervous! This is my new Dance Craze! It's called "The Jitters"!

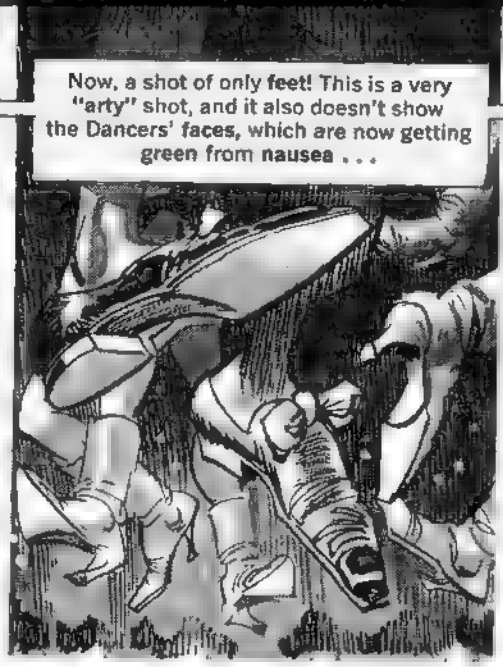

Gee, Larry! That's really great!
Yeah, well, this is the whole thing, so you'd better have your cameras take it from different angles—like from the back . .

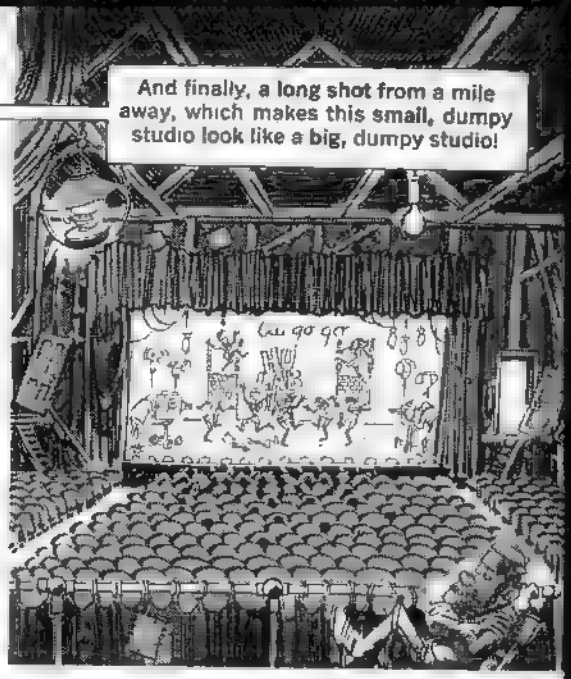
. . and from the side . . .

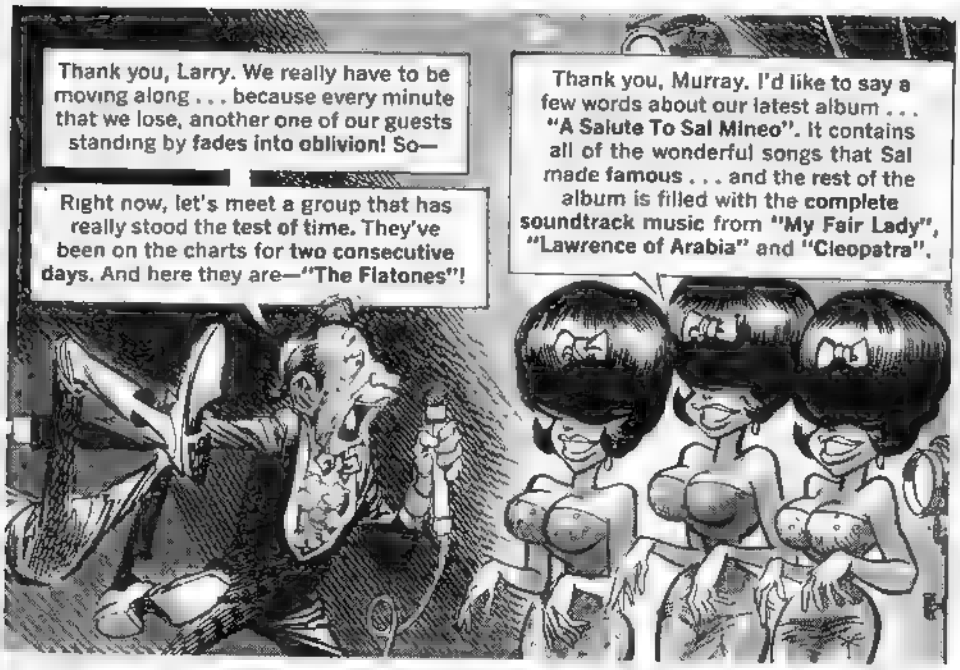
. . . and from high overhead!

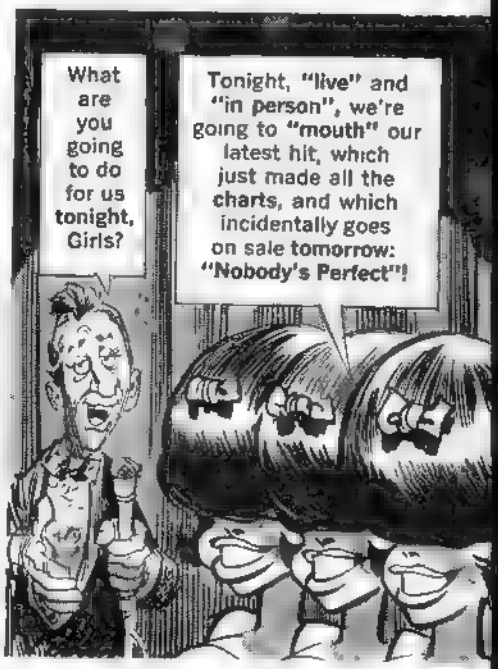
Now let's have the young HULLABADIO Au Go Go Dancers join in! This is the part that gets the guys! Especially the guys over fifty . . .
Eat your hearts out, Felias!!

Hold it, guys! Hold it! Your set's still in focus! It's your eyes that just went out!

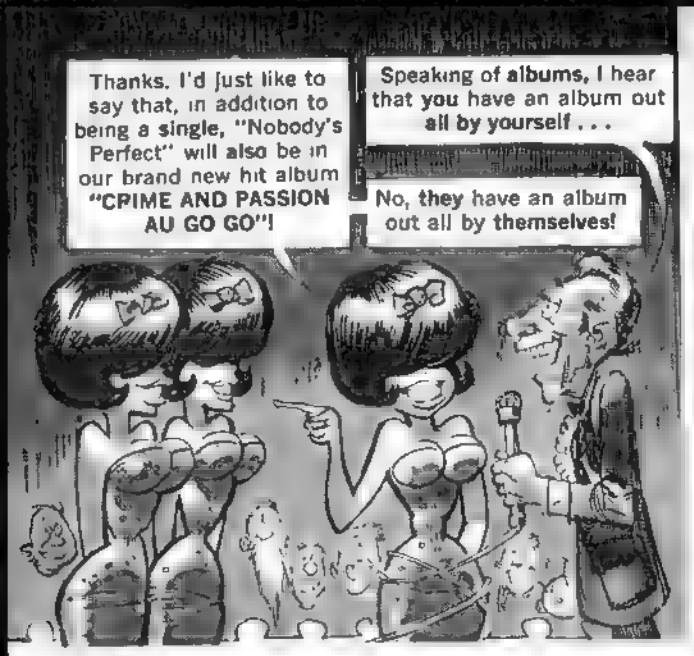

Now, a shot of only feet! This is a very "arty" shot, and it also doesn't show the Dancers' faces, which are now getting green from nausea . . .


And finally, a long shot from a mile away, which makes this small, dumpy studio look like a big, dumpy studio!


Thank you, Larry. We really have to be moving along . . . because every minute that we lose, another one of our guests standing by fades into oblivion! So—
Right now, let's meet a group that has really stood the test of time. They've been on the charts for two consecutive days. And here they are—"The Flatones"!
Thank you, Murray. I'd like to say a few words about our latest album . . . "A Salute To Sal Mineo". It contains all of the wonderful songs that Sal made famous . . . and the rest of the album is filled with the complete soundtrack music from "My Fair Lady", "Lawrence of Arabia" and "Cleopatra".

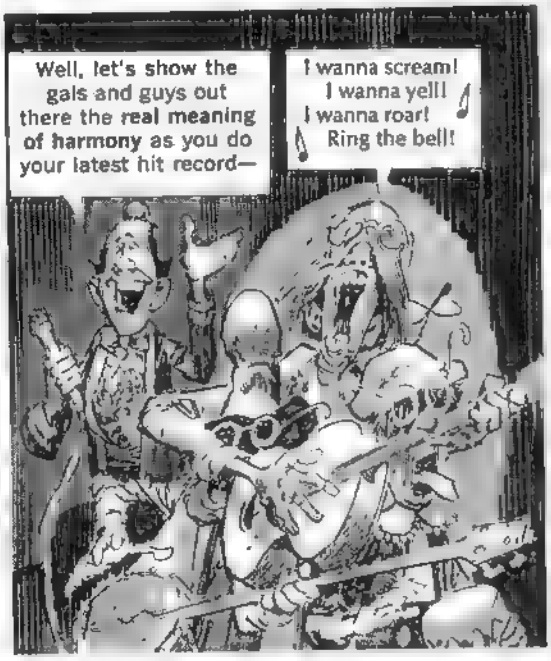

What are you going to do for us tonight, Girls?
Tonight, "live" and "in person", we're going to "mouth" our latest hit, which just made all the charts, and which incidentally goes on sale tomorrow: "Nobody's Perfect"!

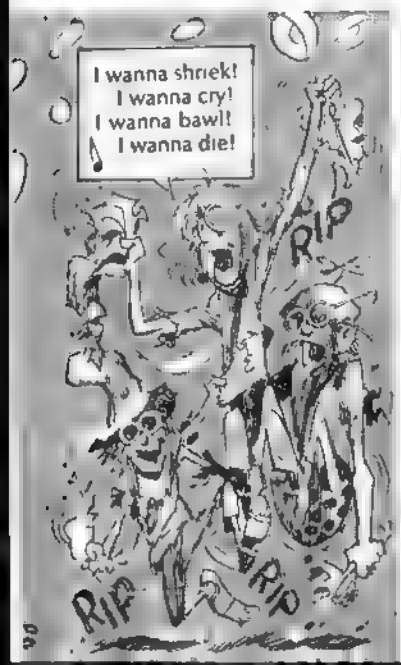
Nobody's perfect! Not even my Jim!
I know 'cause the cops Are after him!
He may have robbed, An' he may have stole!
But after my watch He took my soul!
No—nobody's perfect! Not even dear Jim!
But I'm still happy Going steady With sweet . . . Crooked him-m-m!
Ooo-wah! Ooo-wah! Ooo-wah!
Boo-bah! Boo-bah! Boo-bah!
Wah-woo! Wah-woo! Wah-woo!
Bah-boo! Bah-boo! Bah-boo!
(Snap fingers!) (Snap fingers!) (Snap fingers!)

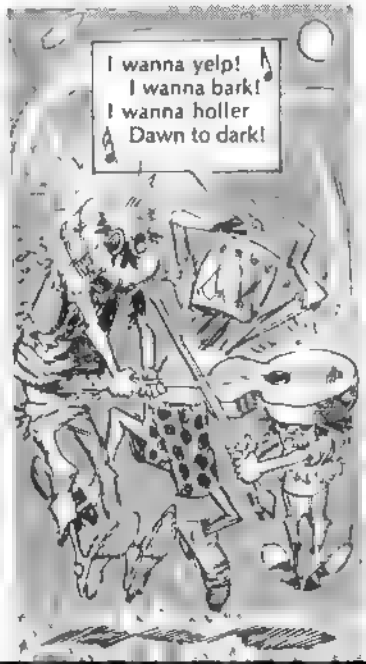

Thanks. I'd just like to say that, in addition to being a single, "Nobody's Perfect" will also be in our brand new hit album "CRIME AND PASSION AU GO GO"!
Speaking of albums, I hear that you have an album out all by yourself . . .
No, they have an album out all by themselves!

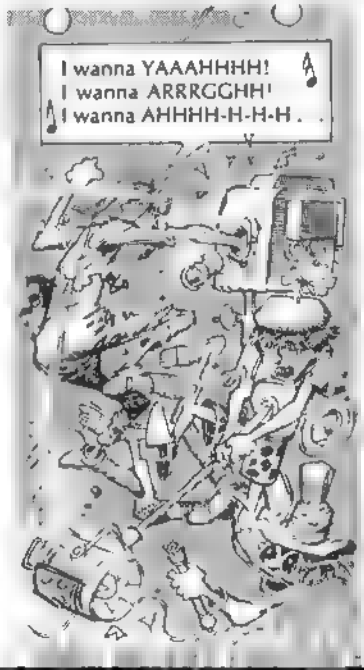
It's called, "Syllables We've Sung", and it contains all the syllables we girls have made famous, including "Boop-bee, boop-bee!" and "Umm-Ummm" and "La, la, la, la, la, la . . ."
We'll be looking forward to it. But right now, we are looking forward to meeting "Johnny Eyeglass and The Spectacles". . .
SCREAM
SCREAM
SCREAM

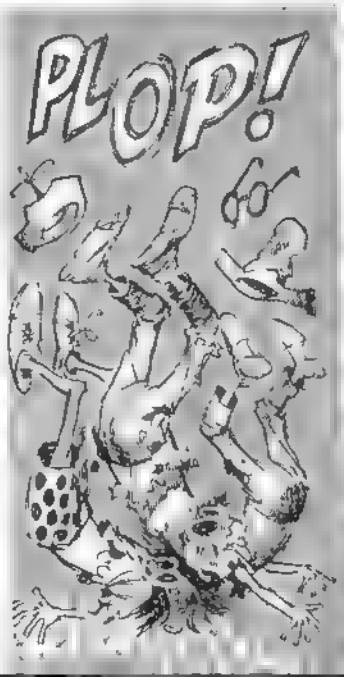
Hi, Johnny. I know you guys have a rare blending of voices that I've never heard equalled. How long have you been singing togther?
Well, we met five years ago in High School!
And you've been harmonizing ever since?
No . . . we started harmonizing yesterday. It took us five years to find a key we could all sing in!
SCREAM


Well, let's show the gals and guys out there the real meaning of harmony as you do your latest hit record—
I wanna scream! I wanna yell! I wanna roar! Ring the bell!


I wanna shriek! I wanna cry! I wanna bawl! I wanna die!
RIP
RIP
RIP


I wanna yelp! I wanna bark! I wanna holler Dawn to dark!


I wanna YAAAHHHH! I wanna ARRRGGHH! I wanna AHHHH-H-H-H . .


PLOP!

That was "Johnny Eyeglass and The Spectacles" with a ballad from their new hit album, "Love Is So Tender".

And now, it's "Folk-Rock" time . . . so let's welcome that wonderful Folk Singer, Feebie Protest . . .

I have seen a lot of war,
An' I have seen a lot of harm,
I have seen a lot of heartbreak,
An' I've seen a dropping bomb!

I have seen fear and hostility,
An' Man's sheer inhumanity,
Yes—I have seen all of these things,
You bet!
That's why I no longer watch
My T . . . V . . . set!

DOWN WITH EVERYBODY

BAN BAN BAN

DOWN WITH CIVIL WRITERS

BAN BUMS

PROTEST EVERYTHING

STRIKE MARKET

Boy, those wonderful lyrics make it hard for me to speak . . .

. . . SO I'LL JUST KEEP ON SHOUTING . . .

Well, Gang, that just about wraps up another session of "HULLABADIG AU GO GO" . . . except for our wild, frenzied finale where the band plays so loud, you can hardly hear what I'm saying about who's gonna be on next week—

BOOM! BEAT! BOOM!

BLARE! BLARE! BLARE!

. . . so you won't want to miss them! An now, for you dirty old men who just got your eyes back into focus, a parting shot of our fabulous "HULLABADIG AU GO GO Dancers" . . .

. . . and on top of the whole mish-mash—The Credits!

DANCES CREATED BY THE THREE STOOGES

GIRLS' OUTFITS BY THE LEVI COMPANY

BOYS' OUTFITS BY CECIL CHAPMAN

SETS CONSTRUCTED BY U. S. STEEL COMPANY

MUSICAL DIRECTION BY MARVIN TINEAR

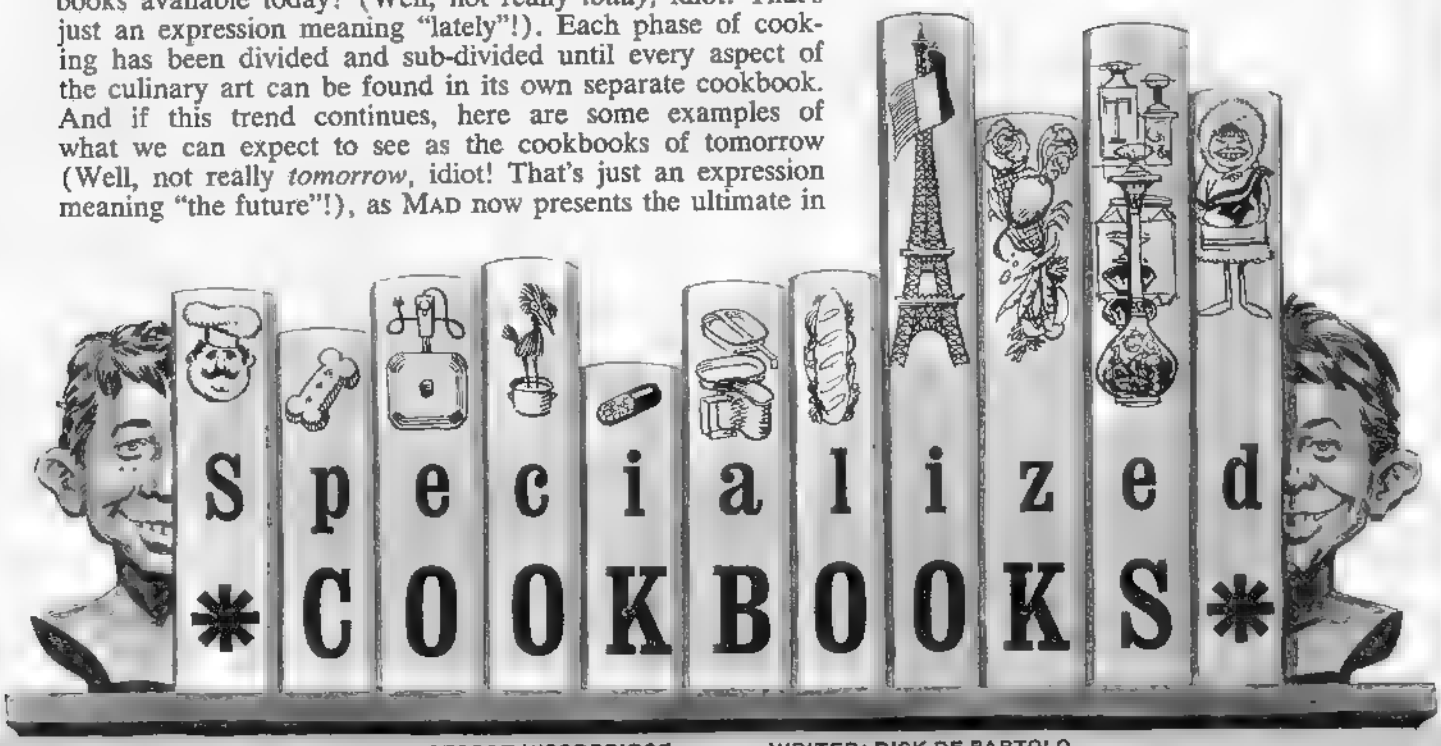
DIALOGUE BY ALFRED E. NEUMAN

THIS HAS BEEN A

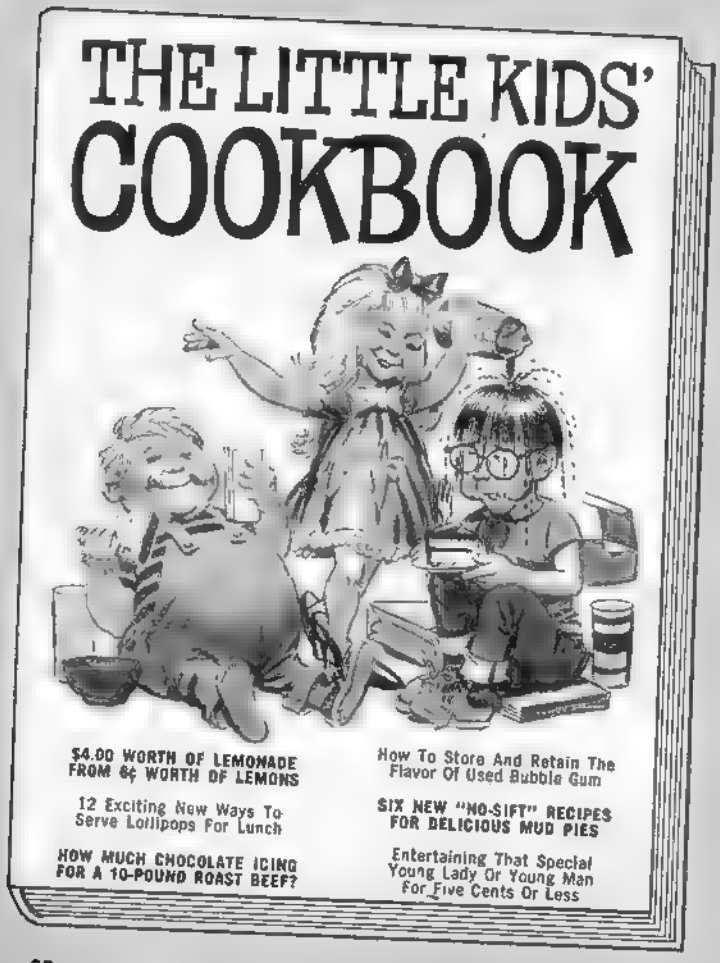
BUSTANEARDRUM PRODUCTION

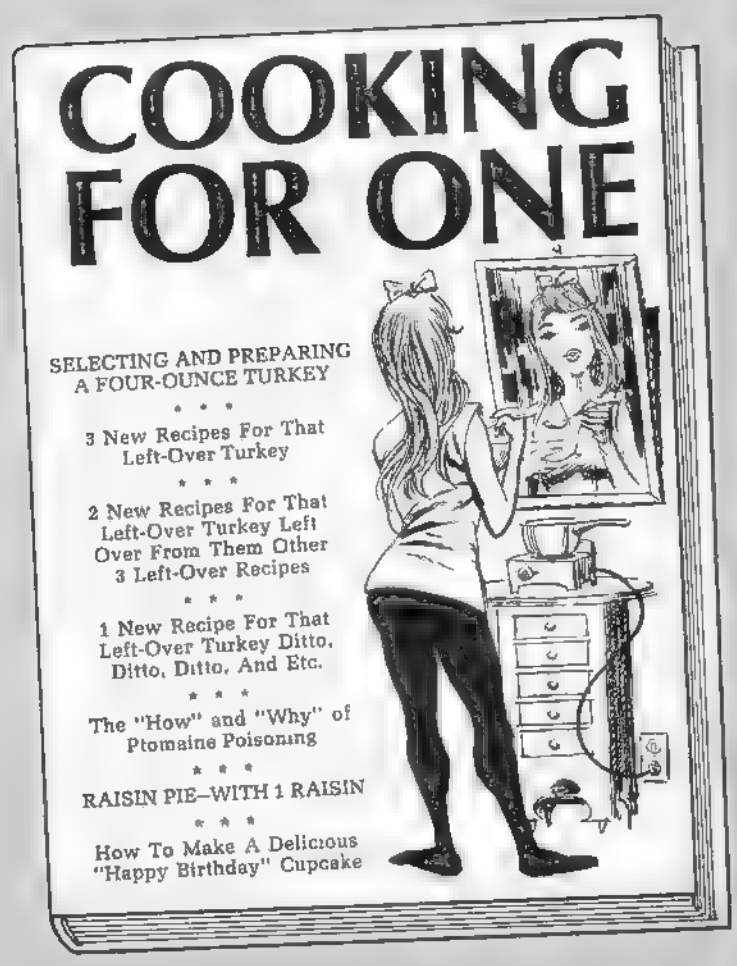
RANDOM HASH-HOUSE DEPT.

This is the age of specialization. Remember when you could buy a cookbook that would tell you everything there was to know about cooking? Have you looked at the shelves of cookbooks available today? (Well, not really *today*, idiot! That's just an expression meaning "lately"!). Each phase of cooking has been divided and sub-divided until every aspect of the culinary art can be found in its own separate cookbook. And if this trend continues, here are some examples of what we can expect to see as the cookbooks of tomorrow (Well, not really *tomorrow*, idiot! That's just an expression meaning "the future"!), as MAD now presents the ultimate in

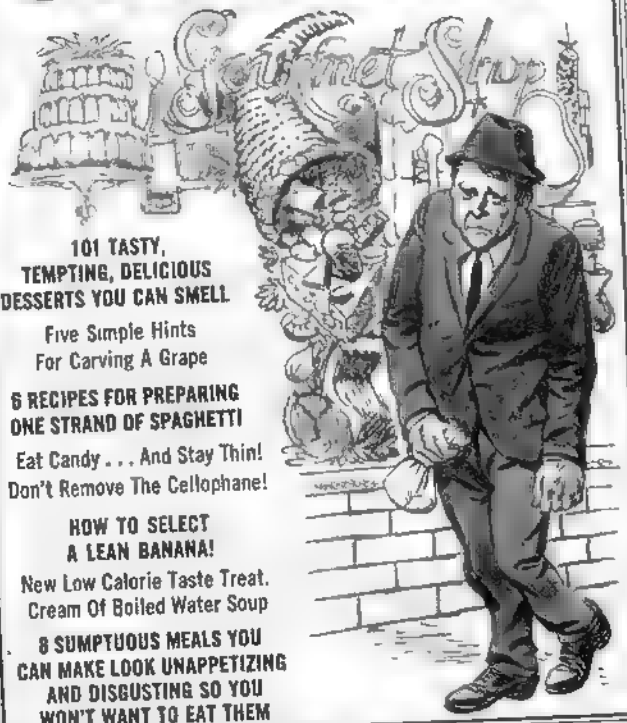


ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





THE DIETER'S COOKBOOK



101 TASTY, TEMPTING, DELICIOUS DESSERTS YOU CAN SMELL

Five Simple Hints For Carving A Grape

6 RECIPES FOR PREPARING ONE STRAND OF SPAGHETTI

Eat Candy . . . And Stay Thin! Don't Remove The Cellophane!

HOW TO SELECT A LEAN BANANA!

New Low Calorie Taste Treat. Cream Of Boiled Water Soup

8 SUMPTUOUS MEALS YOU CAN MAKE LOOK UNAPPETIZING AND DISGUSTING SO YOU WON'T WANT TO EAT THEM

THE TEEN-AGE COOKBOOK

137 WAYS TO PREPARE FRANKFURTERS
407 WAYS TO PREPARE HAMBURGERS
803 WAYS TO PREPARE PIZZA PIES
1 WAY TO SERVE A GREEN VEGETABLE

67 New Cheese-Dips You Can Make While Frugging And/Or Talking On The Phone

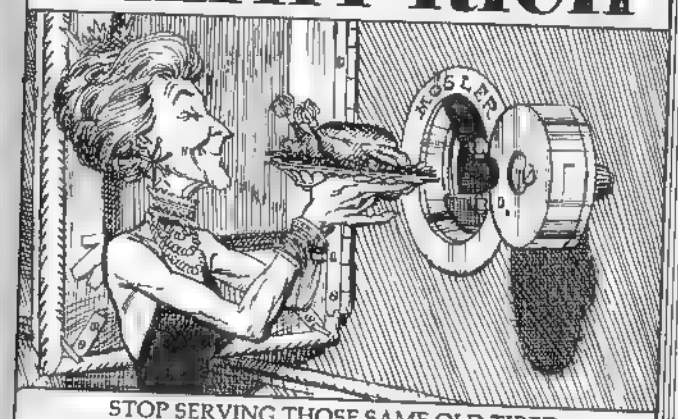
THE NEW BETWEEN-MEAL SNACK: MUSTARD MARSHMALLOW SUNDAES

How To Stretch 20 Pounds Of Candy To Serve Four Guests

SIX NEW RECIPES FOR SERVING POTATO CHIPS AS A MAIN COURSE

10 Sneaky New Ways To Spike The Punch At A Dull, Chaperoned Party

COOKING FOR THE FILTHY RICH



STOP SERVING THOSE SAME OLD TIRED BREAKFASTS OF LOBSTER TAILS AND STEAK!

How To Serve Leg Of Mink Without Having The Family Say, "What . . . Again?!"

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING —MADE WITH REAL ISLANDS

What To Serve At Intimate Gatherings (Under 500 People)

HOW TO HAVE YOUR COOK COOK A GOOSE

HOW TO COOK YOUR COOK'S GOOSE FOR OVER-COOKING YOUR GOOSE

Left-Over Dishes A Problem? Buy A Set For Every Meal!

THE SERVICEMAN'S COOKBOOK

FIVE NEW RECIPES FOR MAKING TENDER MEAT INTO LEATHER

• • • •

Save That Dirty Dishwater! It Makes Great Gravy Stock!

• • • •

HOW TO MAKE ARMY-TYPE COFFEE FROM FRESH GROUND (AND FROM STALE SOIL, TOO!)

• • • •

S.O.S.—More Than Just A Distress Signal

• • • •

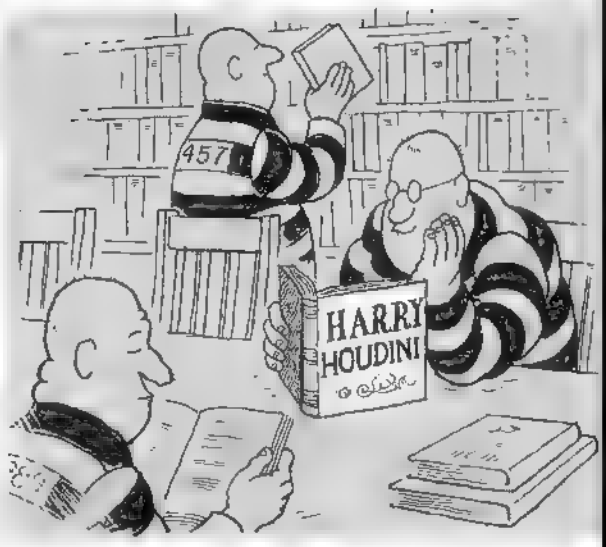
PREPARING A SEVEN-COURSE DINNER IN JUST ONE POT— AT THE SAME TIME!

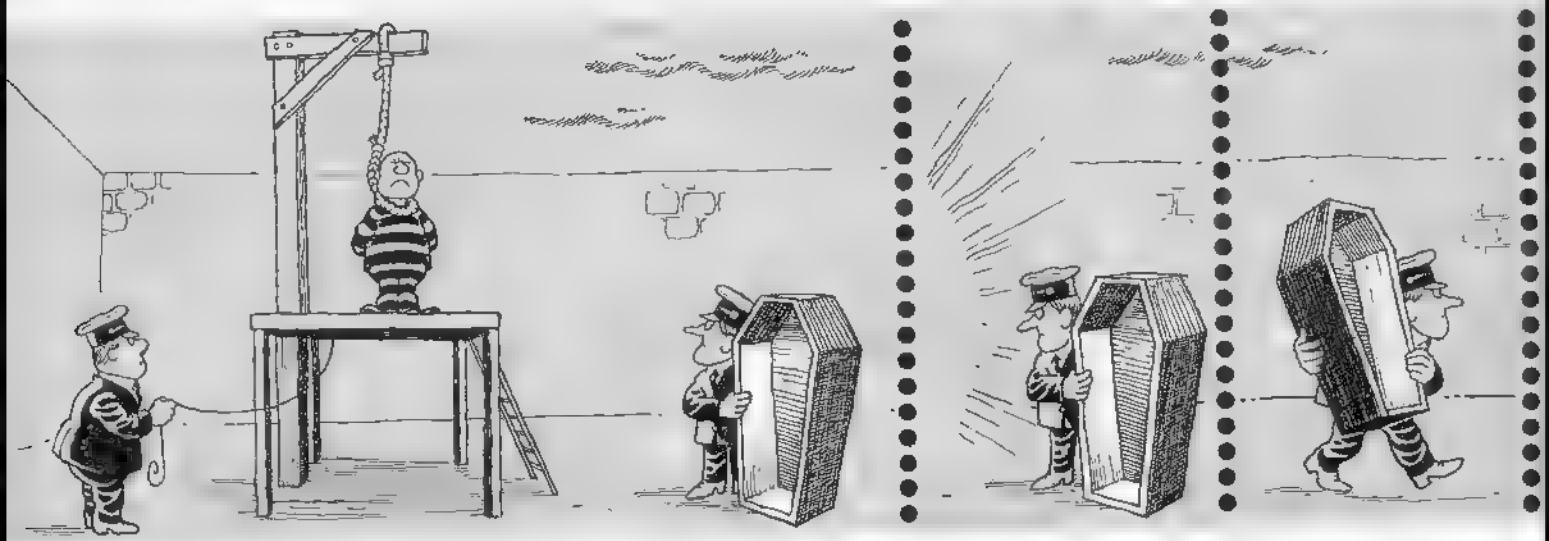
• • • •

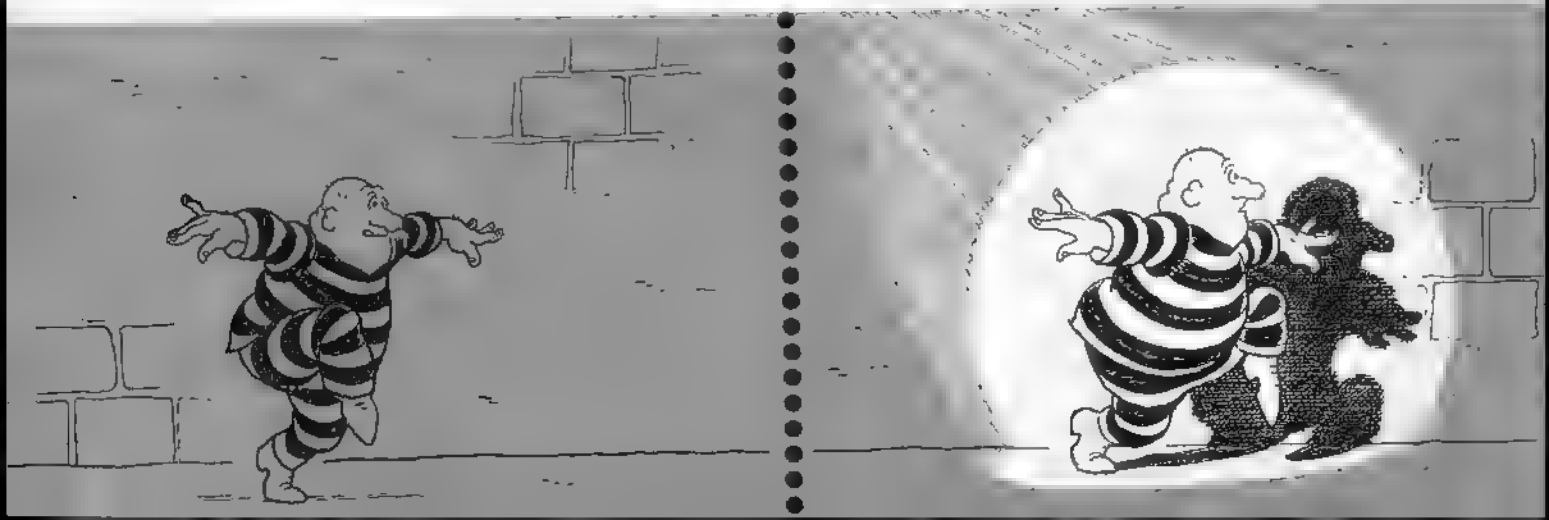
Serve Him His Meals In The Manner He's Accustomed To: In The Backyard, In The Rain, With A Bent Knife, A Rusty Fork And A Dirty Spoon

CANNED LAUGHTER DEPT.

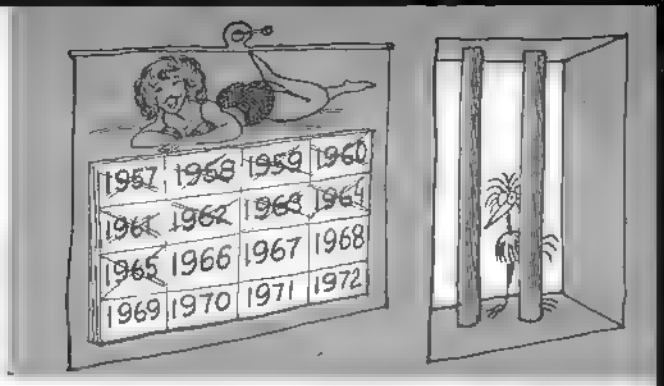
A MAD Look At



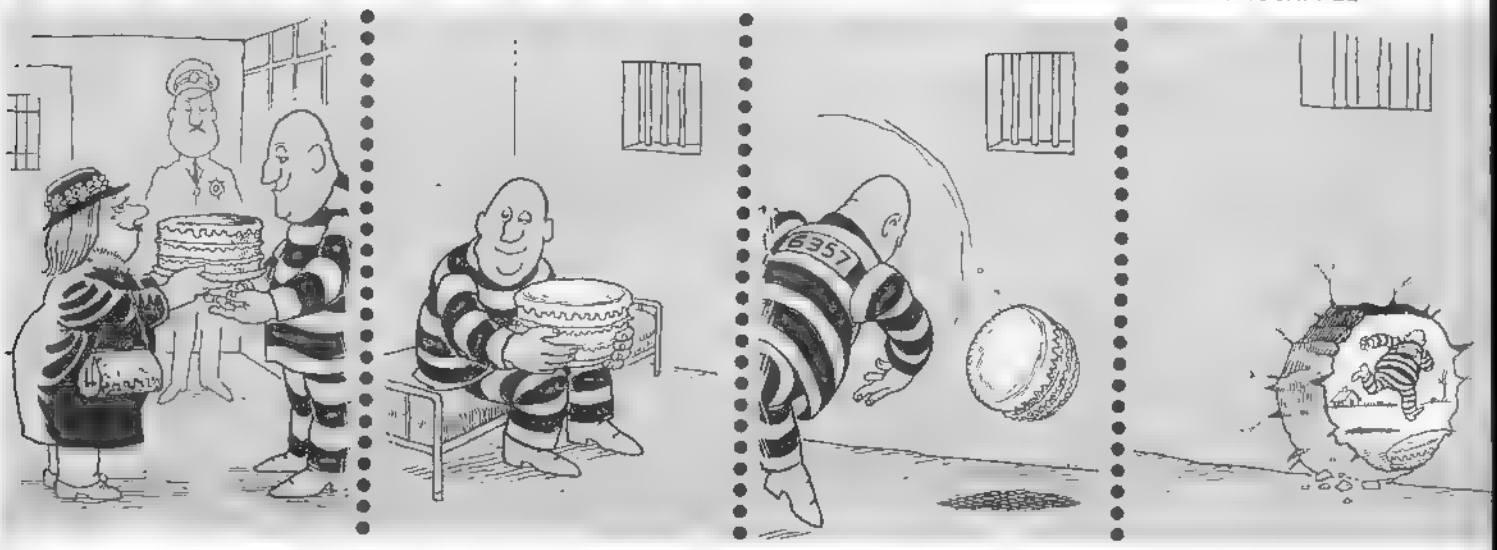


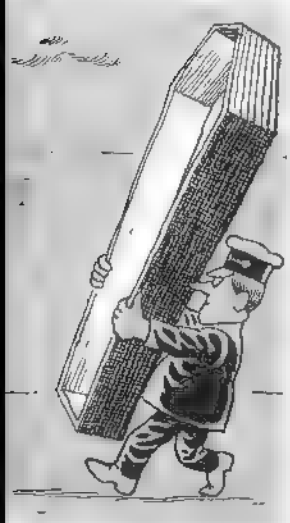


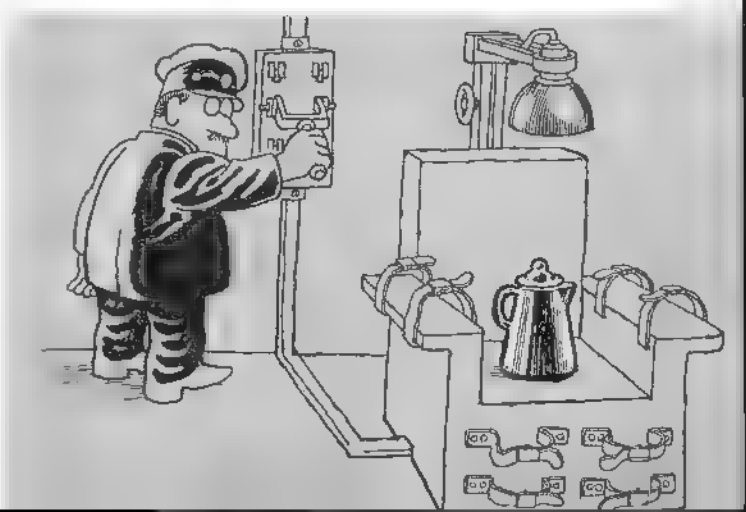
Shut-Ins



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE







SOAP

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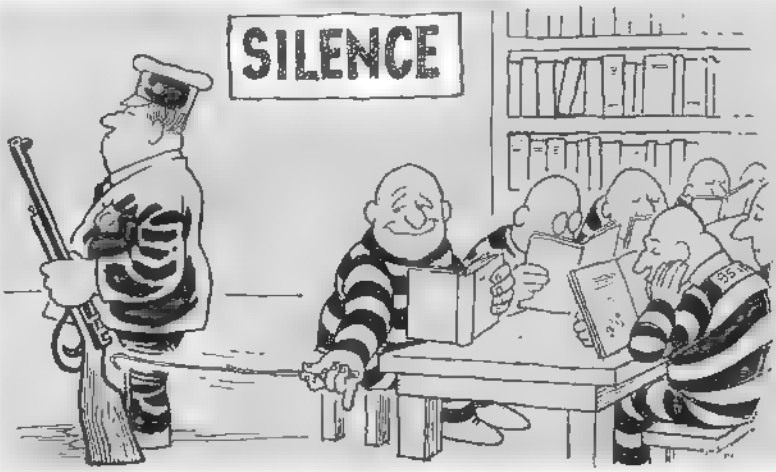
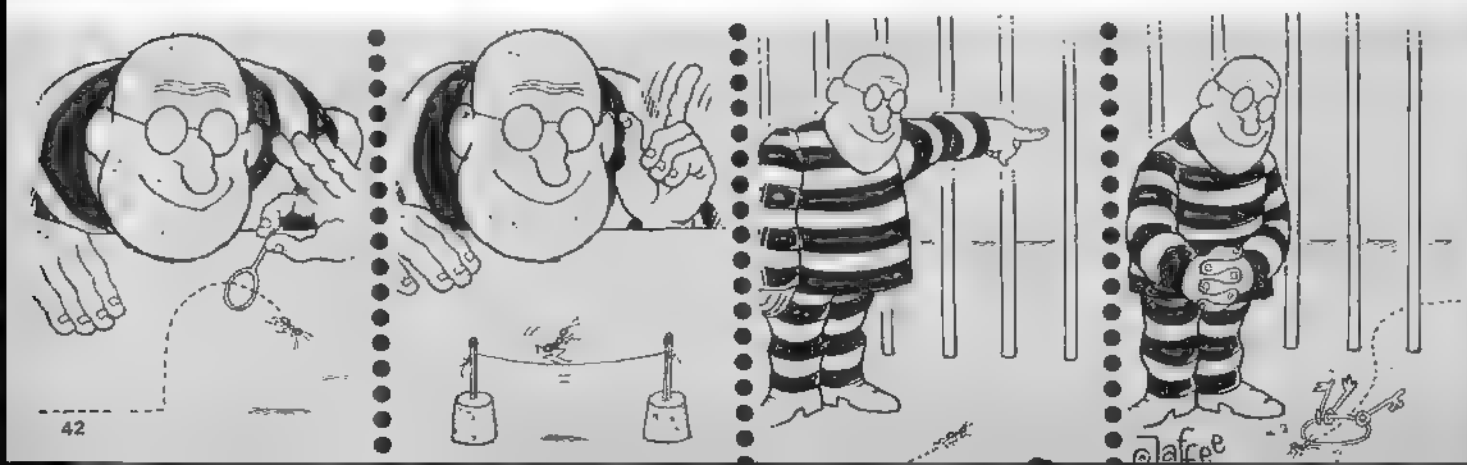

SILENCE

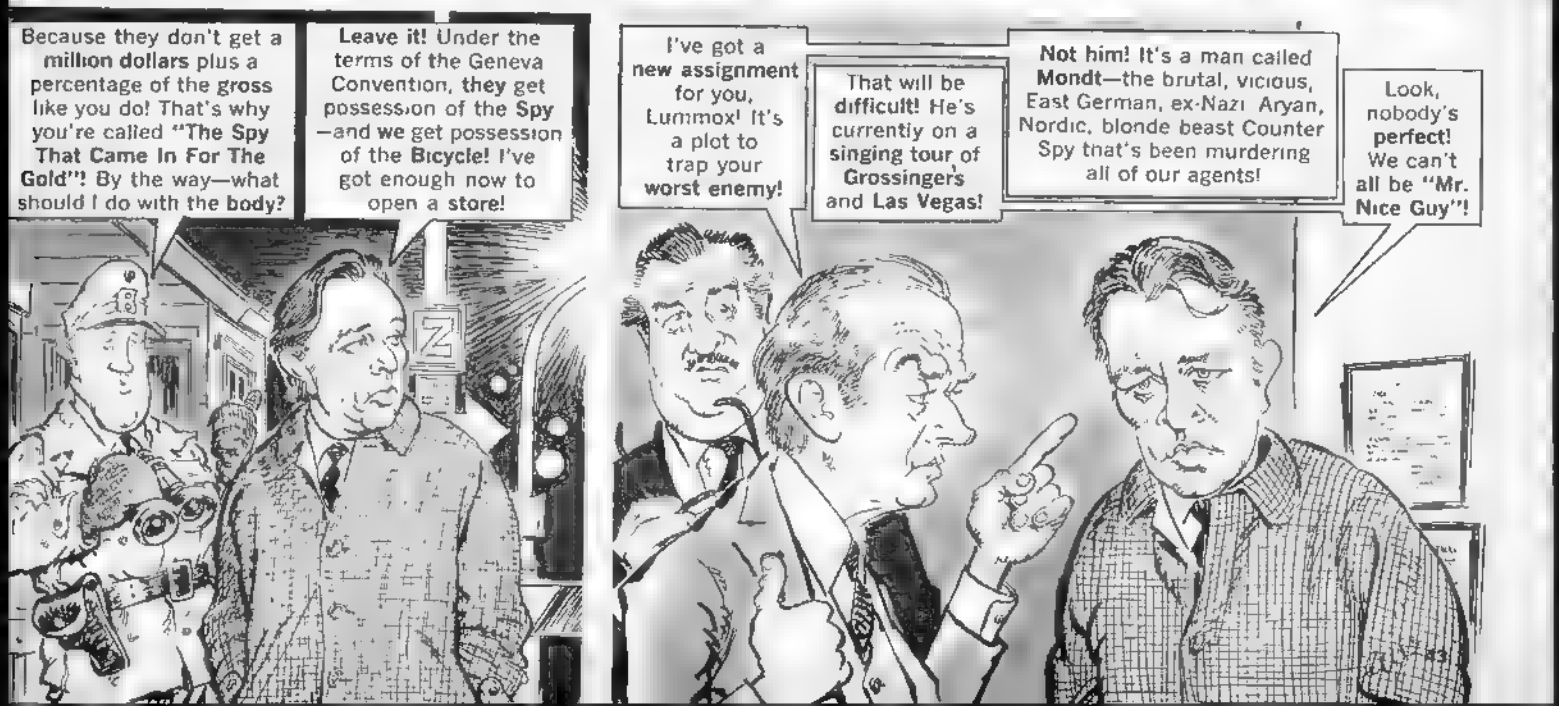

©Jafee

IRON CURTAIN-CALL DEPT.

Are you sick of preposterous "Secret Agent" movies? Are you tired of seeing the same old "Good-Guy—Bad-Guy" plots, the same old trite "tongue-in-cheek" dialogue, the same old sexy girls? (So, maybe there are *some* things you haven't gotten tired of!) Well, enjoy 'em while you can. Sure, they're corny and infantile and badly done. But at least they're *understandable!* It seems that there's no happy medium. The other day, we finally saw a "Secret Agent" thriller that was supposed to be "well-done"! But it was so involved and so complex that no one could figure out what it was all about. Here is MAD'S version of:

THE SPY THAT CAME IN FOR THE GOLD

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Our plan is for you to slowly go to seed. You will let your life and your career slip downhill, drink heavily, and become embittered!

It's too late! I believe that happened to me already—when I married Elizabeth!

Volare! Oh, oh! Cantare! Oh, oh, oh, oh! Nel blu del pinto del blu

I wanna shay that I drank sho mush lash night—when I woke up thish morning, my hair hurt! I wouldn't shay I'm a big drinker—but when I visit New York, I shtay at the Seagram's Building!

Isn't he over-acting a bit with that Dean Martin impersonation? I thought this role as a drunk was supposed to be subtly underplayed!

That's not over-acting! That's him! If you had to study a part in a plot this involved and complicated, you'd be stoned every night, too!

What kind of a job do you have for an embittered, seedy, run-down drunkard with a gorgeous speaking voice?

Well, with those qualifications, we have openings for: "A Daytime TV Quiz Show Master of Ceremonies", "A London Weather Forecaster", "A Mod Clothing Salesman" and "An Assistant Librarian"...

You've been here three weeks, Mr. Lummox, and you've been avoiding me. Is it because I'm a member of the Communist Party? Is it because we believe in diametrically opposed economic, political and sociological theories? Is it . . . is it bad breath?

Those things don't matter, Nana! It's just that I'm afraid you'll discover the real truth about me . . .

If you're talking about the fact that you borrowed "National Velvet" over a year ago, that you still haven't returned it, and that you owe nearly Six Pounds in Overdue Late Charges—forget it! I already know that about you!

Alex—can I ask you something very personal about us?

Go right ahead, Nana—

Is this just a Cold War thing, or will you call me in peacetime?

It's hard to say! In my position, I can't make any long distance plans!

You mean from year to year?

No, I mean from scene to scene! I'm too confused by the script!

I say! Look at Lummox, beating up the grocer! It's probably just an act to impress the East German agents by showing them how low he's sunk!

On the contrary! It's no act! The grocer overcharged him two pence on a can of Chicken Noodle Soup!

YAH! YAH!

YAH! YAH!

YAH! YAH!

I realize I'm sent to prison for beating up the grocer, but this scene wasn't in the actual movie!

True! That crazy MAD crew thought they'd throw it in as a nostalgic change of pace. Besides, with all the complicated intrigue so far, the audience is probably bewildered! At least this scene, they'll understand!

YAH!

YA DIRTY RAT!

Excuse me! My name is Rash! I'm from the Prisoner's Aid Society! I'm looking for a Mr. Lummox—?

FLAT TO LET

Which Mr. Lummox do you want? We got TWO Lummox's living here: Irving Lummox, the Painter—in 2-C . . .

And Alex Lummox, the SPY —in 4-G!

Listen, I'm aware that every "adult movie" coming out of England these days has to have at least one "effeminate" character—but you're too much!

You silly savage! Don't be afraid! This is just my way of saying "Hi!"—And also of obtaining certain information—

. . . by hitting me with your pocket-book?

I've been sent here to solicit certain—er—background material about your recent past! We are prepared to pay you handsomely for it!

Oh, I get it! You want information about my recent life as a British Intelligence Agent . . .

Well, that, too! But mainly, we want racy, inside stuff about you and Liz! You see, I also freelance for a Teenage Fan Magazine!

Congratulations, Lummox! So you have finally been contacted by the East Germans in the person of Rash! Now the plot really thickens because it's time for you to pretend to defect to the enemy! Listen carefully to this plan which will totally bewilder the cast, the crew and the author, not to mention the audience . . . !

We are going to make it appear that Mondt is actually a British Agent by planting incriminating evidence against him and arousing the suspicions of his brilliant assistant, Fiddler, who detests him! In fact, he still hates him from a previous movie!

These suspicions will be aroused when he discovers that Mondt was missing from East Germany at the precise times that you were paying off an "Unknown Double Agent" through bank accounts in the spy-infested cities of Copenhagen, Helsinki and Newark . . .

Meanwhile, Nana will receive a visit from a mysterious stranger, and at the same time, Allison Mackenzie will become bored with Rodney and will fly to South America where she will fall in love with Adolph Hitler! Is that clear, Lummox?

To tell the truth, I'm still confused by that "Bicycle Sequence"! In fact, I'm not even sure I understand the movie's "Opening Credits"!

I realize that we're meeting to make final arrangements for my **defection**, but why pick a crummy place like **this** with a sleazy **strip-tease** going on in the background?

Because we're about to talk **dull, involved intrigue** again, and this is **Paramount's** sneaky way of giving the audience something they can **follow**—instead of getting **bored stiff!**

Where are you taking me?

To Holland for interrogation!

Holland!? I don't **want** to go to Holland! I want to go to **Switzerland!**

Switzerland? Why Switzerland?

I like to be near my **money!**

GULP!

All right, Lummox, we'll see whether your information is **worth** anything to us . . .

What was the **cover name** for your East Berlin operation?

It was called **"Operation Rolly Polly Stone"!**

Who were the **agents** working **with you** in this operation?

Reimack, Freebish, Hart, Schaffner, Marx and Shlepperman!

And what **material** did Karl Reimack **hand over** to you?

Top Secret East German Security System information, preserved on microfilm—the **Minutes** of the last **Praesidium meeting,** written in crayola on 8½ by 11 loose-leaf paper—and a large **bundle!**

And what was **in** the bundle?

His **laundry!** He just can't stand those **Laundromats** in **East Berlin,** so he has it done on **our** side!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE-- GET HELP!

Thank you, Lummox. Your information has been **very useful!**

How much is all this information **worth** to you?

To me? Oh—about **$1.37!**

Only $1.37!? But aren't you **Meters,** the East German interrogator . . . **checking** on me?

No, I'm **Le Carrpool! John Le Carrpool,** the **author** of the book this movie is based on! I **needed** all that information because I don't know what's going on **either!**

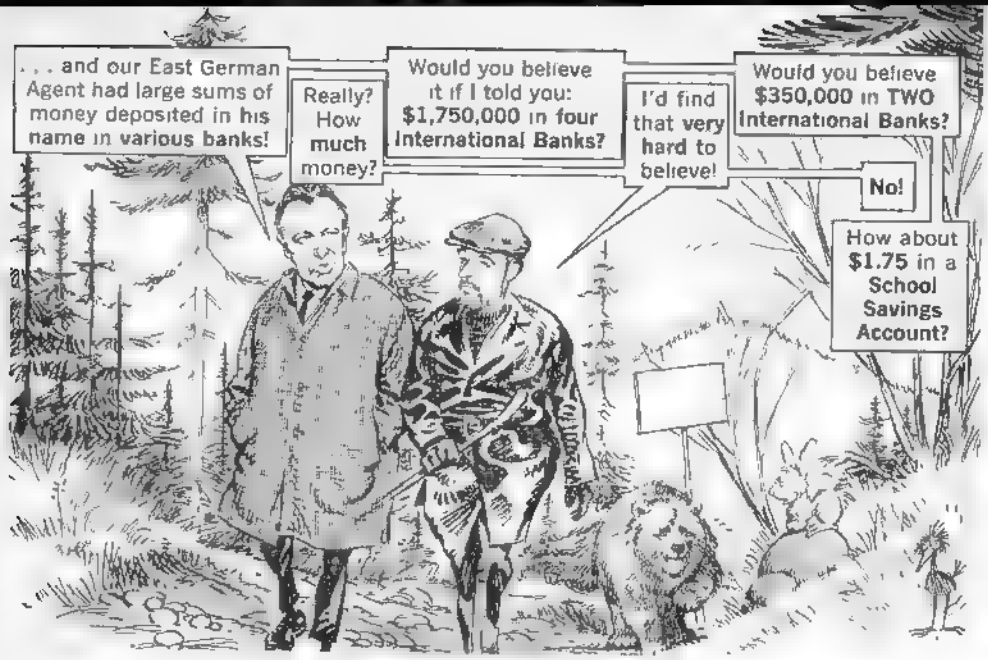
SCRIPT

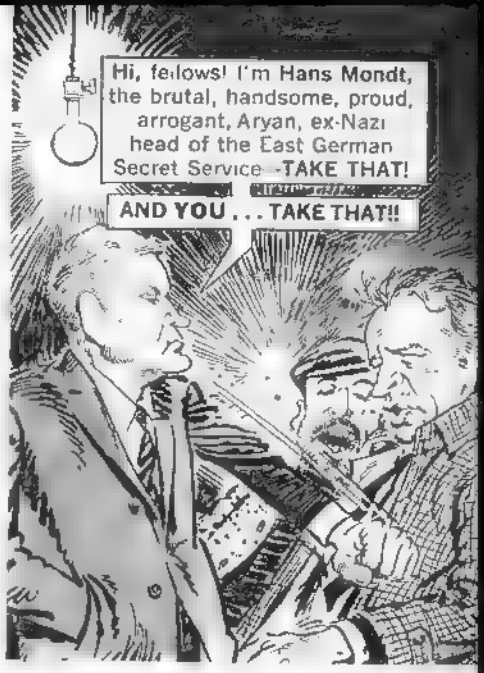
My name is **Fiddler,** and if you don't tell me what I want to know—well, we have **ways** of making you talk!

Like **what?** "The Torture Rack?" I can **take** that! "Burning Straws Under The Fingernails?" I can take **that!** "Ice Cubes Down My Back?" "Tickling With Chicken Feathers?" **I can take that!**

No, I was thinking of showing you scenes from **"The Sandpiper"** . . .

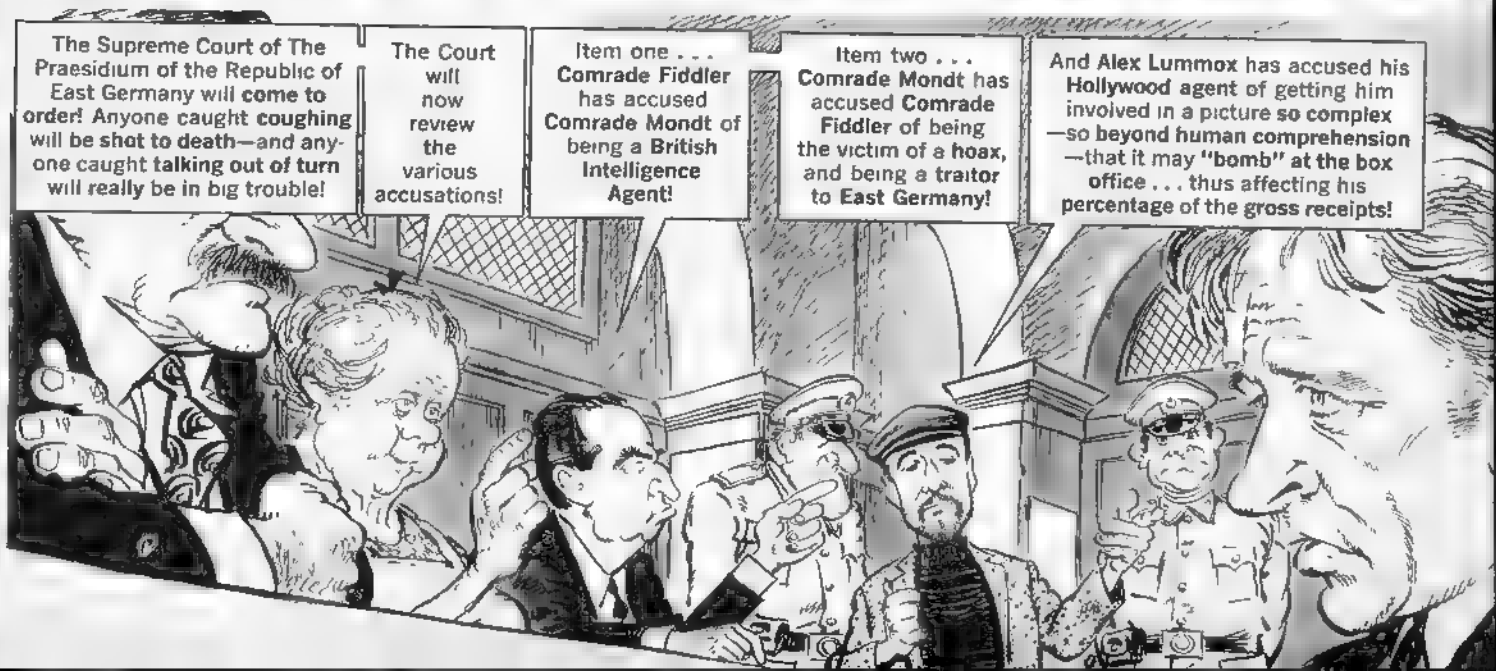
No! I can't take that! I'll talk!


. . . and our East German Agent had large sums of money deposited in his name in various banks!
Really? How much money?
Would you believe it if I told you: $1,750,000 in four International Banks?
I'd find that very hard to believe!
Would you believe $350,000 in TWO International Banks?
No!
How about $1.75 in a School Savings Account?


Hi, fellows! I'm Hans Mondt, the brutal, handsome, proud, arrogant, Aryan, ex-Nazi head of the East German Secret Service—TAKE THAT!
AND YOU . . . TAKE THAT!!

What did you punch Lummox and Fiddler each in the mouth for?
For "Comedy Relief"! This movie could use a good laugh! A punch in the mouth is a refreshing change of pace from all those dull and depressing "talk" scenes!

You know, I'm beginning to suspect that Mondt is an enemy agent—working for the British!
Oh? What makes you say that? Is it the subtle hints I've been dropping about strange bank accounts and withdrawals that coincide exactly with Mondt's sudden visits to the neutral nations where these accounts are located?
No, it's his crazy habit of having everyone get up before a Communist Party meeting and sing "God Save The Queen"!


The Supreme Court of The Praesidium of the Republic of East Germany will come to order! Anyone caught coughing will be shot to death—and anyone caught talking out of turn will really be in big trouble!
The Court will now review the various accusations!
Item one . . . Comrade Fiddler has accused Comrade Mondt of being a British Intelligence Agent!
Item two . . . Comrade Mondt has accused Comrade Fiddler of being the victim of a hoax, and being a traitor to East Germany!
And Alex Lummox has accused his Hollywood agent of getting him involved in a picture so complex—so beyond human comprehension—that it may "bomb" at the box office . . . thus affecting his percentage of the gross receipts!

I have conclusive proof that Mondt is an enemy of the State and is working for the British:

One: The dates he traveled to Helsinki were the exact dates that withdrawals were made by an unknown British Agent . . .

Two: He attends all of the NATO meetings!

Three: He is President of a Laurence Harvey Fan Club!

And four: He was seen last week dressed in dirty blue jeans and sneakers, carrying a "U.S.—Stay In Vietnam" sign, and burning his East German Draft Card!

For my defense, I will now resort to a movie cliché! For the 1487th time in motion pictures, I call to the stand . . . a surprise witness . . . Nana Perrywinkle!

I object! Under the Law, especially in California and France, a mistress is not allowed to testify against her lover!

Objection overruled!

. . . and then I was visited by a man named Smedley who paid my rent. He said he was a friend of Alex's!

Smedley is an agent working with Lummox! Which proves that Lummox did not defect! It was all an act—a plot to incriminate me!

Then if it was a plot to incriminate Mondt, why didn't London stop Smedley? What were they trying to do—sabotage their own operation? I'm all confused!

Alex, who's on trial here? What's this all about? I'm all confused!

Don't ask me! I'm still trying to figure out the opening "Bicycle Sequence"!

Guard, can you tell us what's going on here?

Are you kidding? I'm still trying to figure out why you beat up that grocer!

EAY. DOES THIS FELLOW SMEDLEY HAVE ONLY ONE ARM?

Quick, Lummox! Don't ask any questions! Just take this film and swallow it!

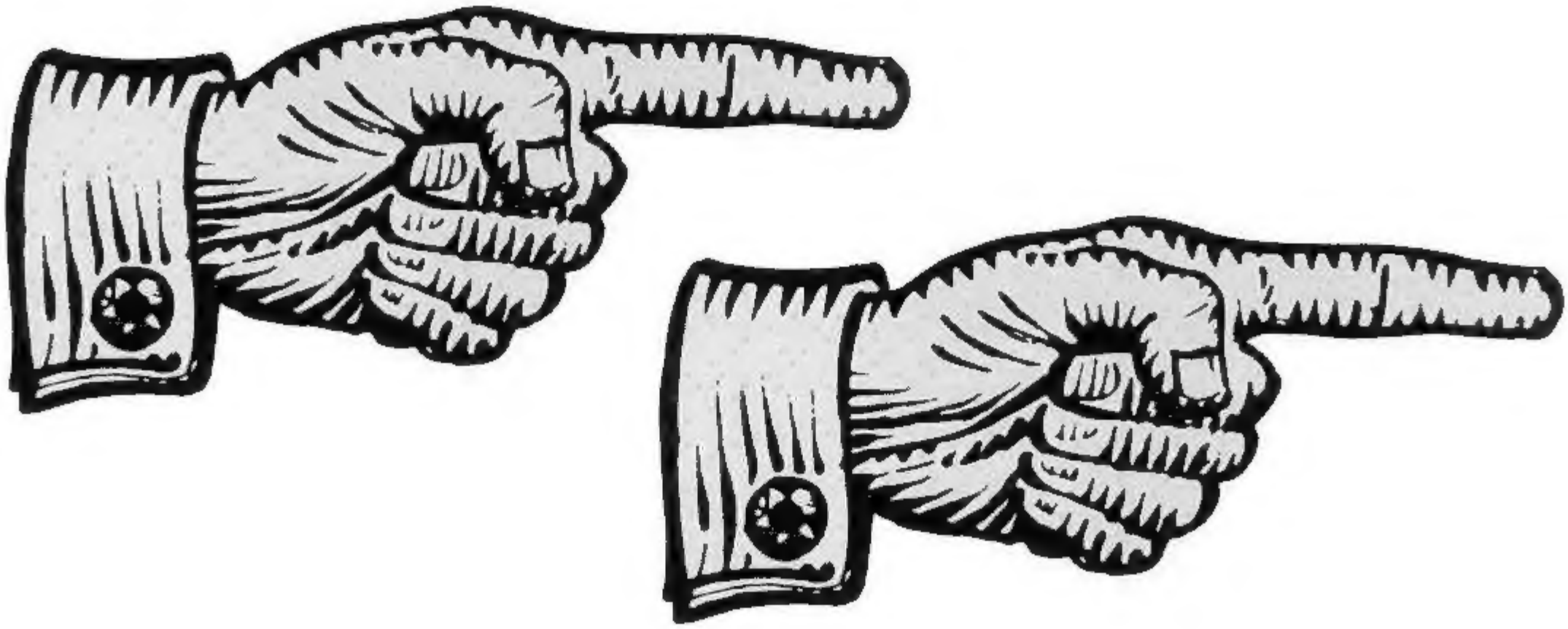
Why are you doing this? Is it because it's the one spy film cliché we haven't used? Or is it because this film contains valuable secret information?

Neither! It contains 40 feet of film from this picture with actual understandable dialogue—and if it gets out, we're in serious trouble!

Gee, I can understand shooting the girl as she escaped over the Wall—but why did we shoot Alex Lummox?

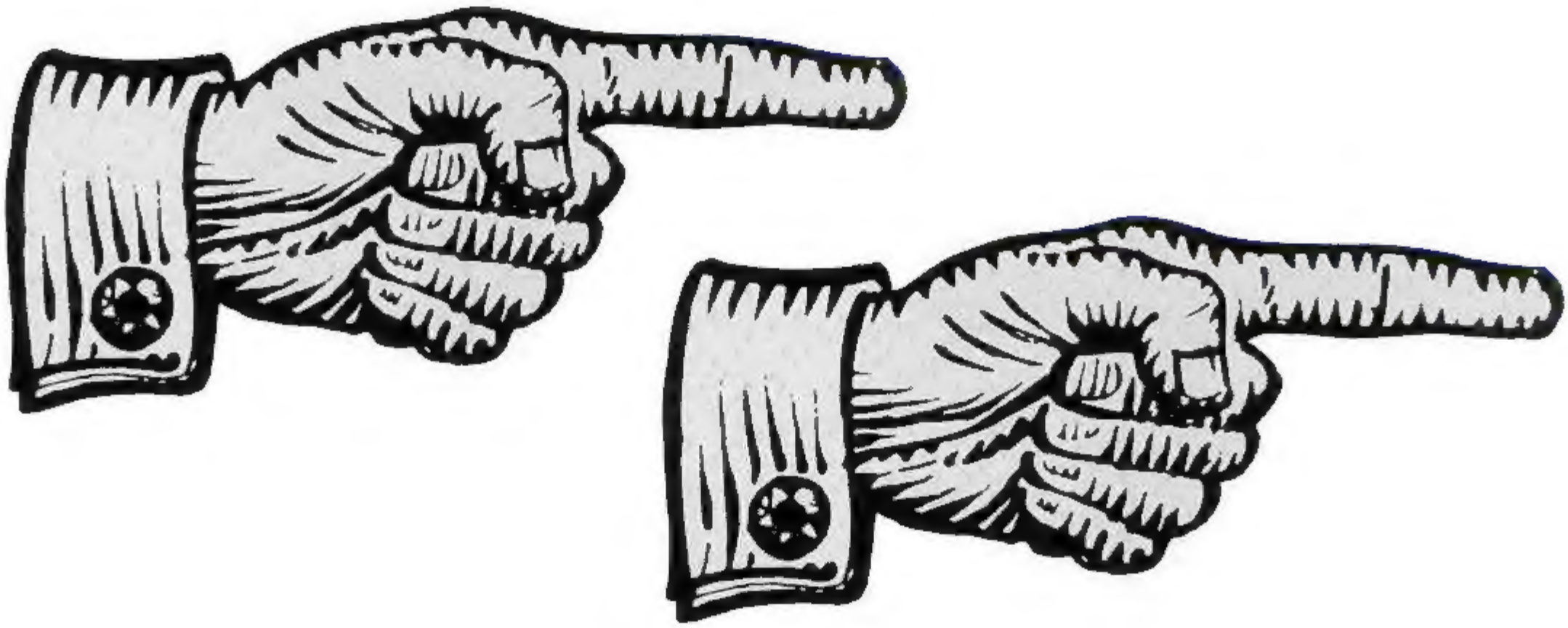
Producer's orders! You know that film Mondt slipped him? It contained a detailed explanation of the plot! So we had to kill him! He was the only one who finally understood the movie!

Wm. Rucker



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT AWESOME BEAST THREATENS UNWARY CAMPERS EVERY YEAR?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Last year, millions of campers and hunters were threatened by a fierce creature. This year, the hideous beast is again expected to pounce upon unwary people as they flock to forests and parks to enjoy the great outdoors. For a look at this disgusting monster, fold in page as shown above.

A ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SMOLDERING, BURNING, ANGRY EYES ARE THE KEY TO THE IDENTITY OF THE FIERCE BEAST THAT PUTS A DAMPER ON THE FUN FOR PEOPLE BY THE MILLIONS WHO GO CAMPING EVERY YEAR

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

WHAT AWESOME BEAST THREATENS UNWARY CAMPERS EVERY YEAR?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SMOKEY

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE BEAR

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE